

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 5, 1970 50 CENTS

MINNESOTA AND CLEVELAND ON TOP

Osborn dives over Rams for score



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Ed. Note: As is well known, Achilles' mother, Thetis, thought she had made him invulnerable by dipping him in the river Styx. But she missed complete coverage, forgetting the heel by which she held him. And that's just where that heel Paris twinged him with a poisoned arrow. Which brings us to our moral.

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Next week

THE NAME OF THE GAME may be defense as Minnesota's Four Norstream and Cleveland's anonymous front four meet in the NFL game. Tex Maule reports on the hitting.

IS TEXAS REALLY NO. 1 or will Notre Dame wake up those echoes? Can Missouri snap Penn State's streak? Dan Jenkins assesses who achieved what at the major bowls.

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LIFE

SCORECARD

DAWN OF THE AGE OF

This is our first issue of the new year and of the new decade, and we enter both with a keen sense of anticipation. What Joe Namaths be before us? What Mets? What Lew Alcindors, Jim Ryans, Jack Nicklauses? One of the supreme pleasures in following sport is expectation. Let's go, '70!

RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE BALL GAME

After the American Basketball Association and George Mikan came to a parting of the ways last July—Mikan resigned as commissioner, reportedly at the urging of ABA owners who were disappointed in how little had been achieved under his leadership—the league lured Jack Dolph, whose main qualification for the job was his 10 years at CBS as director of sports under Bill MacPhail. Dolph took over on Oct. 29 and in less than two months scored a signal triumph for the struggling ABA: he got the league on national TV. CBS, Dolph's alma mater, has agreed to televise the ABA's All-Star Game on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 24.

That's all for the moment, and it doesn't seem like much, but Dolph says, "Our arrangement is a good deal more than a trial situation." CBS has committed some money and air time beyond the All-Star Game. Apparently, if the All-Star Game telecast is a success, CBS will do some ABA playoff games and possibly do a game of the week next season.

The money involved is relatively minor, with guesses ranging from an average of \$5,000 to \$15,000 a team, but the ABA owners don't seem to mind.

"One dollar would have made me happy," said Mike Storen, general manager of the Indiana Pacers. "It's a big breakthrough for us in terms of national recognition and acceptance. The contract is a great prestige item." Buddy Jeanette of the Pittsburgh Pipers added, "It gives us an aura of stability."

Maurice Stern of the New Orleans

Buccaneers argued, "This will have a psychological effect on our fans. They realize that when you get on TV it means somebody has enough faith in the league to sponsor it. This could help us get local TV and radio coverage of our out-of-town games."

Charlie Mustin of the Kentucky Colonels summed up the ABA's optimism. "I've always felt our game was more exciting than the NBA's," he said. "Now we can let the whole nation see our game, our red-white-and-blue ball and our three-point play."

OLD MATH

In Jackson, Miss., a few weeks ago, an excited high school football star phoned Augie Fike, sports director of television station WJTV, and with considerable pride reported that he had been offered and was accepting an athletic scholarship from the University of Mississippi. Fike put a few questions to the youngster, and the boy talked about his background and gave his vital statistics. Finally Fike inquired how many points the boy had scored this past season. There was a pause. "How much is nine times six?" the boy asked.

NEW MATH

Bud Goode, a Los Angeles sports analyst, has been feeding masses of football statistics to a Univac computer and has come up with some fresh ideas about the game. For one thing, Goode says that according to computer analysis the pass interception is football's most important play and the thing that causes most upsets. A team that makes one interception more than the other team will win 80% of the time. "Each interception can make a difference of 14 points," Goode says.

Other computer-derived observations include:

- Running is more important than passing in college football but—during the 1969 season, anyway—is relatively unimportant in the professional game.

Standings this year had little to do with a team's average yards per rush; some of the weakest teams had strong running games.

- The single most significant statistic in pro football is the number of points scored by an opponent per pass attempt. "Lack of pass defense was the reason why Baltimore fell from the top in 1969," Goode claims.

- Although the balance between offensive and defensive effectiveness is obviously the real measure of a team, if the 1969 professional season offense proved to be about 5% more important than defense.

- The most important statistic to check when you set out to evaluate a quarterback's ability is the average yards gained per pass thrown.

BIRDIE TROUBLE

Reports have come in from India about a special problem confronting golfers in Bombay. The Chembur golf course there is of reasonable length, lush and green and not too severely trapped, and if it weren't for the crows a man golfing on it would find little to complain about.



The crows hang around the residential areas that border the course and pick up a good living from the residue that human beings inevitably leave about. When the sharp-eyed birds see a group of their benefactors swinging sticks on the green fairways of Chembur, their ears perk up and their tails wag because, to a crow, human beings on golf courses mean eggs.

Round eggs, with sort of dimpled shells, possibly bearing the inscription Dunlop or Dot. The crows spot the eggs in the green grass far ahead (maybe 240 yards, with roll) of the human beings, and they swoop down, grab the white objects in their bills and fly off.

What they actually do with the things is a matter of speculation, although it is moot whether the golfers care much one way or the other. They are concerned about loss of ball and lack of tangible evidence of their fine, ringing shots.

Happily, human beings can outthink crows, sometimes. Now, in Bombay, the customary practice is to hire an *agave wulfak*, or *forecaddie*. The *agave wulfak* gets far out on the edge of the fairway. When a ball lands he runs over and, fast as you can say "Caw!" covers it with a red cloth. The crows—not too bright when confronted with this maneuver—mutter a bit, wondering where their funny round eggs have gone, and the golfers carry on, serene and contented once again.

LOSER

Poor Phil Bengtson. First he had to step into Vince Lombardi's cleats as coach of the Green Bay Packers. Then the Packers' age began to show and Bengtson had the unenviable job of trying to rebuild a dynasty that was washing away like a sand castle. This year the Packers limped home third in the NFL's Central Division, and Bengtson resigned himself to watching the playoffs on television. But even that didn't work out too well. On Christmas Eve, Bengtson was lifting a TV set—a Christmas gift for his wife—into the trunk of his car when he slipped on the snowy street and fell. The heavy set landed on top of him, and Bengtson was taken to the hospital with a broken hip.

HRAD ON HIS SHOULDERS

Last fall Ted Green, the bad-boy defenseman of the Boston Bruins, suffered a fractured skull when he was hit with a stick in a preseason game. The Bruins' chairman of the board, Weston Adams Sr., who was concerned for years with hockey injuries, ordered Bruin defensemen to wear helmets in practice and all players on Boston's Oklahoma City farm team to wear them in both practice and games. He also asked the NHL rules committee to consider making helmets obligatory for all players.

Oklahoma City complied with Adams' order, but the Bruins did not and the rules committee has done nothing about his proposal. The committee's inaction probably stems from the Bruins' refusal. Listen to Derek Sanderson, Boston center: "When they tried to force all defensemen to wear helmets, the guys walked out on them. They weren't going to take anything like that. If they pass a rule about it, I'd have to balk, too. I'm not going to wear a helmet." Why not? "They're uncomfortable, they'd probably provoke more sick fights than there are now and they can shatter when they're hit."

Whereas skulls can't?

SILENT MINORITY

An East Side Manhattan pub that features weekend football television brunches presented the Nebraska-Georgia Sun Bowl game to some 30 or 40 of its parishioners the Saturday before Christmas. After the half, with the score 18-0 Nebraska, the brunchers turned off the sound—but not the color—and listened to Mary Hopkin and Engelbert Humperdinck on the jukebox.

NO PLACE FOR A LADY

Shirley Englehorn, a 29-year-old lady professional golfer who has won \$118,000 in her 10 years as a pro, tried last fall to enter the 1970 Los Angeles Open, the first tournament on the men's tour. But Joe Dey, head of the PGA's Tournament Players Division, rejected Shirley's bid, and that seemed to be that.

However, just before Christmas Miss Englehorn got a chance to display her galling talents in a head-to-head match with Billy Casper, who has twice won the U.S. Open and who won almost as much money in 1969 as Miss Englehorn has in her career. The two played before a gallery of 3,500 at Los Coyotes Country Club in Orange County, south of Los Angeles. Four hours later the contest—though it was hardly that—was over. Casper had shot a 70, Miss Englehorn a 79.

"It's too big," said Shirley later, referring to the course. The match had been played from the men's tees, and the distance was 6,427 yards. "It's too, too big. I played well, but I wanted to jump the ball all the time, power it out there with Billy. You can't do it. I don't think any woman can. I hit with any of the girls on our tour, but today I was

contented.



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SCORECARD (continued)

30, 40, 45 yards back all the time. I had to go to a three-wood to reach the greens, while Billy was up there with a six-iron. And this was short for a men's course. If it was a tournament, they would have stretched it out to 7,100 or 7,200 yards."

Asked if women golfers could ever compete with men, Miss Englehorn said, "I could compete, but whether I'd ever win any money is a question. If I was in top shape and at the peak of my game, maybe the best I could play here would be 72 or 73."

Nonetheless, Miss Englehorn still would like to see women in men's tournaments. "It would be great," she beamed. "Maybe there could be a women's section and a men's section. Or mixed, perhaps, with a foursome of women, then three foursomes of men and then another foursome of women. We'd play for our purses and they'd play for theirs."

Casper seemed to like the idea. "Anything that stimulates golf, I'm for," he said, "and I think women in our tournaments would stimulate the game." But he also agreed with Shirley's lament that men's courses were too long for women. "On a big course, the kind we play week after week, the driver is 50% of your success, and a woman can't handle that club the way a man can."

What would have happened, Casper was asked, if Miss Englehorn somehow had defeated him, Billy smiled. "We'd have both set golf back 50 years," he said.

BOYCOTT BY BOBBY

Twelve high-ranking chess players who in December met in New York to determine the American chess championship played without Bobby Fischer, who had previously beaten them all. Fischer won the championship for the first time in 1957, when he was a 14-year-old high school sophomore, and thereafter won it seven times—every tournament he entered—including one unprecedented performance when he won every game. He boycotted the tournament on the grounds that it was too short: an 11-round round robin does not give adequate time for recovery to a strong player who happens to get off to a bad start. The U.S. championship is the shortest of any major country; the standard in Russia—"and in all countries where chess is taken seriously," Fischer says—is 22 rounds.

Fischer scarcely needed another U.S. championship to demonstrate that he is still one of the world's strongest chess players. Unfortunately, the U.S. championship was also the zonal tournament that determined which American players would go on to the interzonal tournaments in the first step toward the world championship. By giving up his chance to win the U.S. championship again (the veteran Sammy Reshevsky won the somewhat empty title in Bobby's absence), Fischer also gave up his chance to meet Boris Spassky for the world title. His next opportunity to try for it will not come until 1975.

SERPENT'S TEETH

Bill Fitch of the University of Minnesota is a basketball coach without a home, and in this case it does not mean he has no home arena for his team to play in. In fact, Fitch is living in his office in Williams Arena, where the Gophers play. The trouble is the Fitch family. The coach came home from an unhappy road trip in mid-December (two losses in overtime in three days) to find that one of his daughters had come down with chicken pox. Fitch had never had the disease, could not afford a two-week quarantine absence from his team and fled to his office, where he sat out the two weeks. "About the only company I had at night was a rat that came out of the wall and said hello," grumbled Fitch.

The quarantine was lifted at last, and Fitch was allowed home for a happy reunion on Christmas Eve. Christmas afternoon the coach left with his team for a tournament at Detroit. There, he got a phone call from his wife with the news that a second daughter had caught the chicken pox. So Fitch faced two more weeks with his cheerful rat.

He is not too sure of getting home even then. Seems there is a third Fitch daughter . . .

THEY SAID IT

• John Jardine, new football coach at Wisconsin, on long-haired football players: "I believe the helmet protects the head and ought to be as close to the head as possible."

• Joe Kapp, Minnesota Viking quarterback, refusing to accept a trophy as the Vikings' Most Valuable Player: "There is no most valuable Viking. There are 40 valuable Vikings." **END**

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Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 5, 1970

THE PURPLE GANG

Wiking Quarterback Joe Kapp hurdles Jim Nelles as he scores Minnesota's winning touchdown on a two-yard run.



RUBS OUT L.A.

Besieged at the half, Minnesota fought back to gun down the Rams and win in the West. Then Cleveland throttled Dallas to set up a showdown between two NFL tough guys



Wide Receiver Gaxe Washington eludes Eddie Masbar on the catch that set up Minnesota's first score.

CONTINUED



ON SATURDAY A BATTLE, ON SUNDAY A BREEZE

by **TEX MAULE**

The Minnesota Vikings did it the hard way and the Cleveland Browns had a laugh, but it would be difficult to say which team was the more impressive in the NFL conference championship games last weekend—the Vikings in a hard-bitten, almost brutal 23-20 conquest of the Los Angeles Rams in Bloomington, Minn., or the Browns in a ludicrously easy 38-14 victory over the inept Dallas Cowboys in Dallas. The Western Conference showdown was a tense, exciting game, but in the Eastern playoff the Browns lost little time in establishing their mastery of Dallas. After the first half, the only question in the minds of 69,321 boating fans in the Cotton Bowl was when would Coach Tom Landry give up on Craig Morton and try Roger Staubach? Near the end of the second half the question became can a Cowboy kicker miss the ball *twice*?

On Saturday, on a snow-bordered field, the Vikings, behind 17-7 after a jittery first half, regained their cool to achieve the biggest win in their nine-year history. The ground for this triumph was plowed a year ago when Minnesota lost the Western Conference title to the Colts in Baltimore 24-14. On the flight back to Minneapolis, Coach Bud Grant told Bill McGrane, the club's publicity director, "They don't realize it yet, but the players learned something today. They found out that they're good enough to win a game like this. It'll take a while to sink in, but if we get this far next year they'll go into this game expecting to win it, not wondering if they can."

Against Los Angeles the Vikings needed all the confidence they could muster. The Rams dominated the first half, moving surely and steadily each time they

had the ball and gaining so consistently that never once did they have to punt.

Tackle Alvin Page, whose interception of a Roman Gabriel pass with 39 seconds to play snuffed out whatever hopes the Rams had of winning, felt the Vikings were too tight in the beginning. "All week we've been keyed up and tense and we talked about it," he said. "We tried to gear down, but we couldn't. That hurt us in the first half. Especially after I jumped offside and cost us a touchdown."

This mishap occurred on the Rams' first play from scrimmage following the recovery of a Bill Brown fumble on the Minnesota 45-yard line. Page, beating the snap, bowled past the startled blockers and was about to tackle Gabriel when the Ram quarterback tossed a soft pass right into the arms of Viking Carl Eller, who ran 46 yards for what would have been a touchdown had Page not been offside. Of course, Gabriel might not have thrown the interception if Page had not been after him.

"It took us a long time to get over that," said Wally Hilgenberg, one of the Minnesota linebackers. "We were jumpy all through the first half, and Gabriel was calling a great game. We didn't really come out of it until the third period."

The Rams' halftime lead was due mainly to their ability to run against the Vikings' storied defense, a success that came as no surprise to the Rams. Charlie Cowan, who with Bob Brown gives Los Angeles possibly the best pair of offensive tackles in the NFL, said, "Against a line as aggressive as Minnesota's, we figured we could run. And we did."

After Eller's interception had been nullified, the Rams moved for their first score. Larry Smith went through the strong side of the line for five yards behind a trap block, with Bob Brown taking care of Middle Linebacker Lonnie Warwick. Then Gabriel threw a quick pass to Wendell Tucker, one that was

to be indicative of the Ram aerial game. It was thrown before the Viking rush could break through. Thirteen of Gabriel's 22 completions were sharp, sudden flips to his running backs.

After Tucker's catch, Smith gained nine more yards on the strong-side run, then added five two plays later. Gabriel got the touchdown from the three by rolling out to his left after faking a handoff and passing to Bob Klein, one of the two tight ends they use when close to the goal.

Minnesota Quarterback Joe Kapp evened the score on the next series, and the two opening thrusts showed the difference in the offensive game plans. The Rams intended to move the ball in bursts of five or six yards, either on the ground or in the air. Minnesota, on the other hand, planned to throw long against the cornerbacks. Two of these big plays animated Kapp's drive. Gene Washington, who is 6' 3" and fast, bent Jam Nettles on a crossing pattern for a first down on the Ram 33-yard line. Then, two plays later, Kapp hit Washington on the Ram four on a deep flag pattern. Three plays after that, Dave Osborn did a back dive from the one (*see cover*) for the score, and the conversion made it 7-7.

But the Rams, confident now of their ability to control the ball with short advances, scored twice more—on a 20-yard field goal by Bruce Gossett and on a two-yard Gabriel-to-Billy Truax pass—with the longest gain of the drives being only 18 yards.

Neither team made any sweeping changes during halftime. "There was a lot of loud talking in our dressing room," Truax said. "We were talking about the first half. No one mentioned we had another half to play. Then we went out and took things for granted."

The Viking dressing room was quiet and businesslike. The offensive and defensive teams met briefly as units, then Grant addressed the whole squad. "I'm

Carl Eller glares down at Roman Gabriel after fumbling him for a safety. Minutes later the crowd streamed onto the field (next) to touch such heroes as Tackle Gary Larsen.

continued

surprised that they're taking the game to us," he said. "If you want to win, you have to take it to them. If you think you played well in that half, think again. You'll have to play much better to win."

The Vikings also decided to blitz more on first down, hoping to cut off the strong-side run, and they permitted the defensive linemen to play with more abandon and stunt on their own.

"The first series after the half is important," Truax said. "Offensively and defensively. We gained 12 yards on our first play, then we had a clipping penalty and we had to punt, and that seemed to fire them up. We never regained our momentum."

As Gabriel explained, "Ours is the type of offense that can't afford setbacks. Five yards at a time only works first and 10, not first and 25."

In the first series after the Rams' punt, Kapp threw a towering 41-yard pass to Washington, who took the ball away from Nettles on the Ram 12, fell, got up, lunged forward and was tackled by Jack Pardee. The officials, who were in no danger of being awarded a game ball by the Rams, ruled that Pardee had piled on, which put the Vikings on the Ram six. "There was no whistle," said the incensed Pardee later. "I was afraid the guy was going to jump up and score. I can't make decisions on whistles. I can just try to prevent touchdowns." Three plays later Osborn again dove over from the one to make it 17-14.

"We thought we could work on their cornerbacks," Kapp said. "The Rams give them a lot of responsibility and they don't get help from the safeties. I should have thrown deep early in the game, but I didn't mix it up enough in the first half."

"Kapp worked it out," John Henderson, the other Viking wide receiver, said. "We thought they might play us loose. Joe threw short passes under them, and when they came up to play us tight we knew we could beat them deep."

Later in the third quarter Eddie Mender intercepted a Kapp pass to stop a drive that had reached the Los Angeles 11-yard line, and the next time the Vikings got the ball Richie Peterson picked one off on the Minnesota 40.

"I forced the pass Mender intercepted," Kapp said. "I never saw Peterson. Knocked down as he threw the second interception, Kapp yelled to his defensive

team as it streamed by him onto the field. "Get me the seed, defense! Get me the damn seed back."

The Rams got a 27-yard field goal out of the Peterson interception to lead 20-14 early in the fourth period, but Kapp put the Vikings ahead to stay the first time he got the seed back. He had only one fairly long pass, to Henderson, in the drive and scored himself, rolling around the left side from the two behind strong blocks by Brown and Osborn and leaping over Nettles. It was, all told, a splendid afternoon for Kapp. He completed 12 of 19 passes and, with 42 yards in seven carries, was Minnesota's leading rusher.

As Eller and Tight End John Beasley stood on the sideline watching the next kickoff, Beasley said to the Viking defensive end, "Come on, Carl. Do something." "Watch me on the first play," Eller said. The Rams had the ball on their own 12, and on the first play Eller swept wide around Bob Brown's block to drop Gabriel in the end zone for a safety that made the score 23-20.

The Rams got the ball again with nearly four minutes left, but Gabriel was only able to move the team to the Minnesota 44 before Page's interception.

In the Ram locker room, Deacon Jones thundered, "We've been to the door twice. Bam! We've been denied. It always comes down to one throw of the dice and then you're through. It hurts, man, and it will hurt the whole off season. I still don't believe it. Maybe someone will pinch me and it will be game time again."

"Six months, seven days a week down the drain in one afternoon," said Bob Brown. "You don't know the work, my wife doesn't know the work, that's gone into this. I sacrificed. I never sacrificed until I came here, and then to blow it all. This is the worst day of my life."

It was, of course, the best day of Kapp's life. "He's a hell of a leader," Defensive Back Dale Hackbart said. "He picked us up. There are three kinds of quarterbacks. There's the brain, like Bart Starr, and the arm, like Joe Namath, and the leader, like Joe Kapp."

In Nelson, a onetime 10th draft choice from USC, the Cleveland Browns have come up with a quarterback in the Kapp mold. He is a seven-year veteran who spent five rather undistinguished seasons with the Pittsburgh Steelers before be-

ing traded to Cleveland in 1968. Surprisingly, Coach Blanton Collier benched Frank Ryan in favor of Nelson early that season and he led the club to the Eastern Conference championship, beating Dallas 31-20 in the playoff game. Like Kapp, Nelson throws the ball with more effect than beauty; sometimes his passes flutter like sick butterflies, but more often than not they are on target.

The difference between the Browns and the Cowboys last Sunday was, in the end, the difference between Nelson and Craig Morton, and it was very big. On a field dampened by rain but still firm underneath, Nelson completed 18 of 27 passes for 219 yards and a touchdown before leaving the game in the fourth period. For the most part he threw into the shockingly wide gaps in the Dallas secondary, frequently going to Paul Warfield, a fleet wide receiver with the moves of a water bug. Warfield, who was often guarded by rookie Cornerback Otto Brown, had a pleasant afternoon out by himself in the fresh air as he ran a variety of patterns and caught eight passes for 99 yards.

Craig Morton had a lousy afternoon. He completed but eight of 24 for 92 yards and had two passes intercepted, one of which was returned 88 yards for a touchdown by Walt Sumner, another rookie defensive back. But ill fortune came early and stayed late for all the Cowboys. One of the few times in their dreary afternoon that they contained Cleveland was on the Browns' first series after the opening kickoff. The Browns punted from their 32. The ball was poorly kicked and caromed off the leg of Cowboy Tight End Rayfield Wright, enabling Cleveland's Bob Matheson to pounce on it at the Dallas 34.

Nelson tried a few running plays, then set up the first touchdown with short passes, first to Warfield, then to Tight End Milt Morin, before Bo Scott ran in for the score from the two. On the next Cleveland series, Cornell Green intercepted a Nelson pass and returned it to the Cleveland 32, but Otto Brown was called for pass interference and Cleveland had a first down on its 48. It was bad luck, but the Dallas defeat was not

continued

Helpless Dallas couldn't do anything right. Here a mortified Craig Morton inexplicably drops the ball as Jack Gregory barrels in.





due to bad luck. Credit it instead to a cohesive, alert Cleveland secondary, given good help by mobile linebackers, and a line that put much more pressure on Morton than the Cowboys' touted front four put on Nelsen. In the first half this defense was so strong that Dallas had the ball for only 17 plays, which gained a total of 39 yards.

Cleveland added a six-yard touchdown pass from Nelsen to Morin and a 29-yard Don Cockroft field goal to lead 17-0 at the half. It hardly seemed possible, but the worst was yet to come for Dallas. In the opening moments of the second half Cleveland Linebacker Jim Houston intercepted a poorly thrown Morton pass and returned it 35 yards to the Dallas 19. It took Nelsen three plays to cash in, the big one being a 16-yard screen pass to Leroy Kelly. Scott scored again from the two.

The interception prompted the fans to chant "We want Roger," but they didn't get Staubach until six minutes into the fourth period, by which time the game was a farce. Morton had thrown the 88-yard interception to Summer, the Browns had run the score to 38-7 and Landry was looking to the distant future as he put in his rookie quarterback and two fresh setbacks. Staubach got a touchdown on a five-yard pass to Lance Rentzel and thus became the only bright spot for Dallas in a day of rain, gloom and bloopers—the most comical of which was Mike Clark's whiff of an attempted onside kick.

By game's end the Cowboys were in a state of shock. "I don't understand it at all," a grim Landry said, "but if they play as well against the Vikings as they did against us, they'll win. Everything they did worked."

Mel Renfro, who covered Warfield when he was split to the wide side, said, "That first bad break on the punt forced shadowed it all. This was a day of bad luck and despair. We were confused on their sets sometimes and there was a lot of noise out there, too. Against the Vikings? The Browns have it all. Two good running backs, three great receivers. Nelsen was hitting them in the eye. If they can bring themselves up to the challenge, they can beat the Vikings."

Cleveland could do so wrong as Bill Nelson and his receivers, among them Gary Collins (88) and Paul Warfield (47), had a hell day.

Morton simply said, "I apologize for the way I played today." But at least one Dallas disc jockey wasn't accepting any apologies. An hour after the game he told his listeners, "I understand the Cowboys felt that they were well prepared for this game. Jeez, just think of what would have happened if they hadn't been ready."

The Browns took their victory calmly, as though they had been sure of it all along. They had planned to use short passes to negate the Dallas rush and to run straight at All-Pro Tackle Bob Lilly from time to time to inhibit his charge, and they executed this plan perfectly. The Brown defense, which rarely depends on the blitz, covered the Cowboy receivers closely and got a lot of help from Morton, who couldn't hit Hayes or Rentzel even when they were open. As an indication of Cleveland's preparation for the game, the team notebooks on the Dallas offense were the thickest of any all season, with some 200 pages on passing plays to 65 on running plays.

The Brown defenders came into the game worked up by an early-season Tom Landry quote. He had said the Brown defense was like a rubber band, giving but never breaking, and he meant it as a compliment. The Browns took it as an insult. On the blackboard in the Cleveland locker room someone wrote, "Rubber band? How about steel band?" A poster in the practice field locker room had a rubber band dangling from each Cleveland defensive position, but the day after it was put up it was gone, presumably on orders from Coach Collier, a businesslike man who doesn't like that kind of preparation. Indeed, Clevelanders call their team "the businessman team" because of this attitude.

Jack Gregory, a fine end in the almost anonymous Cleveland front four, said, "With all their talent, if you come out and stick it to Dallas early, something happens. If you come out fired up and attack them, it seems like they don't want to get hit. We play as a team and we don't lose our poise. Minnesota plays the same way. They're a team and they depend on one another."

The Browns lost to the Vikings 51-3 during the season, a game in which Joe Kapp peppered the Cleveland secondary with long passes and threw for three touchdowns, all to Gene Washington.

The defeat came on the heels of the Browns' 42-10 win over Dallas, and Cleveland wasn't up; Collier dismissed the game and the club didn't watch the films the following Tuesday. The Browns may take a look at them this week as they prepare for the championship game in Bloomington on Sunday.

The two teams are not very similar, except perhaps for the personalities of their quarterbacks. Although the Cleveland front four probably does just about as good a job against running and rushing the passer as the Four Norsemen or the Fearsome Foursome, no one has called them anything cute—just very good. The Brown linebackers don't blitz, so they are not as noticeable as a Nobis or a Butkus. The secondary covers well; the closest any defensive back came to showboating against Dallas was when Ernie Kellermann walked past Bob Hayes after a play, saw Hayes complaining about interference to an official and went through the motions of playing a violin. "Gosh," Kellermann said later when someone mentioned his act, "did everyone see that? It was just for Hayes, not the fans."

The Browns' Leroy Kelly, Bo Scott and Ron Johnson are more explosive runners than the Vikings' Bill Brown, Dave Osborn and Oscar Reed. Their wide receivers—Warfield and Collins—are more experienced and as fast as Henderson and Washington, and in Milt Morin they have one of the three best tight ends in the business. So they probably have more firepower and can score more easily from farther out than the Vikings. But the difference is minor and both clubs could have their powders damped if the temperature drops into the sub-zero range and the field freezes. If that happens, the game will probably go to the team with more guts, and both have plenty.

The Browns, though, may have a little more incentive. Monte Clark, an offensive tackle, compared his team's lack of celebrity to the unsung state of an offensive lineman. Added Warfield, "We figure we just go out and do our job. If we win enough games, there won't be any left to play. Maybe then we'll get the recognition we deserve." Off their performance against the Cowboys, it is likely that Warfield and his teammates will need one more win after next Sunday. The one in New Orleans. **END**

UP, UP AND AWAY GO ARTIS AND NEW J.U.

Led by 7' 2" Artis Gilmore, Jacksonville University is one tall story that humbled opposing coaches as learning to believe **by JOE JARES**

Jacksonville, Fla., outglittered by Miami to the south and outbusied by Atlanta to the north, feels a need to be noticed. It wants tourists and investors to know that it has a river that flows north (the St. Johns is pretty but polluted), that it is "the most spacious city in America" (when the city limits are expanded to include the entire county) and that Singer Connie Haines comes from there (and has rarely gone back). Jacksonville, says a brochure, is "the commercial, financial, cultural, medical and urban heart of northeast Florida and southeast Georgia," including the Okefenokee Swamp.

It is also the home of Jacksonville University, a little-known fact of virtually no moment until last Saturday night when J.U., as its 3,000 students call the transformed junior college, stamped itself as something more than the world's tallest storyteller—or even the country's tallest major college team, which is how the school's publicists boasted about it all fall. With 7' 2" Artis Gilmore at center, 7' Pembroke Burrows III at the high post and 6' 10" Rod McIntyre at forward the Dolphins (their nickname is appropriate: the average dolphin is seven feet long) went north to Evansville, Ind. and did what they have been doing since the season began. They toyed with the opposition like so many porpoises tossing a ball around Marineland. They stomped Arizona 104-72 in the first night of the Evansville Invitational and

then humiliated the home team 100-70 to win the championship. The Dolphins went into the weekend rated 13th in the AP poll and 19th according to UPI and emerged deserving a spot high up in the top 10 of both.

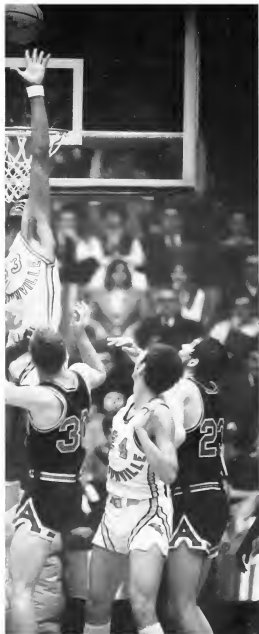
The Evansville game was the first of the season on a hostile court for J.U. and therefore something of a test. The Dolphins' first six games were played in the modern Jacksonville Coliseum or in aptly named Swisher Gym on the campus, and victory No. 7, against Arizona, was on what coaches these days like to call a neutral court. But Evansville, for years an outstanding small-college team that regularly counted major colleges among its victims, provided a chance to prove a point to the pollsters, especially since the Purple Aces had upset Purdue at Evansville not long before.

There was, too, a case of hurt feelings involved. If Evansvillians were miffed because some of their best high school players were recruited regularly by Purdue, they had triple cause against Jacksonville. Vaughn Wedekang, 5' 10" and the state 440 champion while at Harrison High in Evansville, was at guard for the Dolphins. Greg Nelson, a 6' 6" teammate at Harrison, was also playing

photographs by ARND BRONKHORST

A superb athlete and prodigious leaper, Gilmore soars over other players to block a shot.





for Jacksonville and, worst of all, so was Rex Morgan, who had transferred from Evansville after leading the freshmen to an undefeated season. He is the Dolphins' captain.

What made the Morgan situation sticky was that Evansville Coach Arad McCutchan refused to give him a release after his freshman season, so Morgan, whose home is in Charleston, Ill., had to play a year of JC ball before turning down offers from several Missouri Valley Conference teams and heading south. Morgan, in turn, complained that Evansville fed its players on brown-bag lunches, and he and some pals were caught wrapping Coach McCutchan's house in toilet paper.

Before the Jacksonville game McCutchan said, "We've got a chance, not a good chance, but a chance." He had, all right. His prize sophomore, Don Buse, held Morgan scoreless in the first half (Morgan had made 24 points the night before), and fans with long memories were loudly reminding Morgan that he was supposed to be an All-America candidate and perhaps he did not deserve anything better than a brown-bag meal. This pressure, plus Gilmore's foul trouble (he had three in the first half), sent the Dolphins into the locker room at halftime leading by only four points.

But a half was all Evansville could play with no starter taller than 6' 5". Jacksonville soon went to a zone defense to avoid further fouls, outscored the Purple Aces nine to one and rolled on from there. Gilmore blocked six shots, scored 37 points and grabbed 13 rebounds. Little Wedekind, who must feel like the male lead in *Lord of the Dunes*, scored 17 points for the second straight night, which hurt Evansville a little more since it had never even tried to recruit him. Gilmore was voted the tournament's most valuable player, and Morgan, who never did shake off Buse, at least got the satisfaction of doing his captain's duty and accepting the champi-

continued

enship trophy while his old buddies from the Evansville freshman team looked on.

By any measurement, Jacksonville must now be considered a very good team. It leads the nation in average points a game (almost 107), average margin of victory (39.8) and doornails ducked through En route to its 8-0 record it has beaten Harvard by 39 points, Mercer by 40, Morehead State by 54 and Biscayne by 65. The top scorer, rebounder (he leads the nation) and shot blocker (16 against Harvard) is, of course, Gilmore, who wears a Bill Russell beard and plays like Lew Alcindor. Put him in the middle with Pembroke III and you have, say the people at J.U., braggart again, a combined wingspread of 18 feet.

"If there's a better team in America I don't want to play them," said Coach Bill Harrell of Morehead. "Why, I don't think our neighbor [Kentucky] could come down here and beat this outfit."

About Gilmore, the beaten coach was rapturous.

"See that wastebasket there?" he said. "You know how easy it is to flip paper in it? It's just as easy for Gilmore to score. I've never seen a player—and I've seen Lew Alcindor several times—dominate a game like Gilmore." Besides his wastebasket drop-ins, Gilmore has a variety of other shots, the most impressive being a left-handed jump-hook-dunk. The goaltending rule forbids blocking a shot once it starts descending toward the hoop, and in Gilmore's case this means the second it leaves his hand. He just leaps until his size-17 sneakers are even with everybody else's shoulders and flings the ball down through the net. The only time he ventures more than a few feet away from the basket is when he is fouled and has to go to the free-throw line.

At the other end of the court he has that same shot-blocking ability that served Alcindor so well for three years at UCLA. His timing is good, although he once misjudged a shot and blocked it with his elbow, and he has a good sense of where the hoop is so that he can avoid goaltending calls. When he is not batting balls away, his mere presence in the key forces the opposition to shoot from longer distances and with a much higher arc than normal.

Gilmore is not a skinny, gawky freak. He has a good athlete's physique—with muscular thighs and arms—and his

coaches insist he could play for them if he were a mere 6' 5" or so. He is, in fact, taking a physical education course with a 6' 5" teammate whom he often outperforms on the trampoline.

If Gilmore is sturdier than Alcindor, he is like him in many other ways, although education is not one of them. While Alcindor came out of a good private high school in New York City, Gilmore came from a poor, all-black school in Chipley, Fla., 80 or so miles the other side of Tallahassee in the Florida panhandle and just this side of nowhere. He was in the same school from the first through the 11th grades, and for a long time, since it did not have a gymnasium, the kids played on an outdoor clay court.

"Sometimes there would be barrels of fuel burning around the court so you could stand next to them to warm up, then go play some more," Gilmore recalls. "When we were done at the end of a day we were so tired we could hardly walk home."

Gilmore did not play his senior year

at Chipley because he was too old at 18, so he moved to nearby Dothan, Ala., where the rules were more relaxed, and averaged 39 points a game. He spent two years at Gardner-Webb Junior College in Boiling Springs, N.C. before accepting a grant-in-aid from Jacksonville. He chose J.U., he says, because Coach Joe L. Williams treated him as a person and not just as an athlete. Gilmore speaks very softly, like a man who has been yelled at too many times in his life and wants to help get the volume back down to normal.

Williams, a skinny, almost gaunt man despite his affection for thick milk shakes at breakfast, speaks almost as softly as Gilmore and at 6' 3" is almost as tall as some of his chandelier pushers. He is from Oklahoma, the son of a Methodist minister, and 10 years ago was teaching English at a Jacksonville high school. He started coaching at a junior high and won a county championship, moved from there to a high school and won a league title, then went to Florida State as freshman coach, to Furman University as a varsity assistant, and at the end of the 1963-64 season to J.U. right on the bank of that northbound river. He was a clean-cut, well-mannered young man who would not make the new school look bad.

And he hasn't. In truth, things are looking so nice that even the downtown chamber of commerce folks across the toll bridge like him. His players do, too. He keeps a loose rein on them, sets very few training rules—except that they give 100% effort on his court—and occasionally he allows them to make up their own plays. He also lets them work out for themselves their pregame warmup routines.

Williams is taking special care of Gilmore, supplying him with tutors for both classes and basketball. The special basketball coach works on Gilmore alone, concentrating on all the special basketball problems and challenges that confront a man who is 7' 2", 235 pounds and agile.

Gilmore has proved to be a serious student on all counts. "I want a degree from college more than anything I can think of," he says. "My family has had it tough and I want to work with underprivileged kids in playgrounds and recreation centers. I had dreams of being a major college basketball player and it's a lot better than I expected. I knew



Loopy Coach Williams makes a sharp point.



Two Dolphins who got away from Evansville are Vaughn Wedeking (10) and Rex Morgan (24), who starred as an Evansville freshman.

we'd have a good team, but I didn't know we'd beat teams by 60 points."

Artis Gilmore is the main reason for J.U.'s impressive statistics, but he has excellent support. Burrows, another Florida product who spent two years in junior college, did not get started in basketball until late in high school and still has some catching up to do, especially in building his endurance. With Gilmore underneath, he plays the high post and shoots fairly well from there. He also is the team's songleader, having introduced a little number called *The Rooster*, which he shouts out when the team is running laps at practice. The song is adapted from a version he learned at his high school in West Palm Beach.

The 6' 10" McIntyre, from right there in Jacksonville, just like Connie Haines, was J.U.'s leading rebounder the last two years, and the 6' 5" Morgan has the nation's 10th leading scorer last season. And there's more, including Wedeking, even though Coach Williams has only 14 grants to give out, six or eight fewer than most coaches have. Williams' chief assistant, Tom Wasdin, just loves to go exploring in places like, well, Evansville.

"Wedeking and Nelson were our first major recruits when we switched to university status, so I guess you could say everything started right there," said Wasdin. "I wish we could get the best boy in Evansville every year."

It was partly because of Wasdin's Evansville forays that McCutchan signed up the Dolphins for his annual holiday tournament. He reasoned that if he somehow could beat Jacksonville he might be able to stem the Southern tide. He reasoned, too, that his colorful Purple Aces were a plus. Not that they are purple. The team wears orange or white on the floor and robes of all different colors on the bench. The coach wears red socks, the fans dress in red and only the pom-pom girls are in purple.

"Colors are fun," says McCutchan. "I tell my teams that basketball should be fun." Well, this year's tournament was not much fun for Evansville, or for Fordham, the team that beat Arizona (82-74 in the consolation game), or Arizona, because Jacksonville was embarrassingly superior.

Joe Williams had said earlier in the season that he would not know what kind of team he had until the Evans-

ville tournament, but after bashing the Aces into purple welts he still was not predicting a national championship or an undefeated season. "I think we've got a good ball club," he said. "Tonight I was looking to see how we'd react to pressure on the road. I'd say that we met a real tough situation and passed the test."

The players were less restrained in their locker room celebrations. Pembroke Burrows III gathered his choir in a twenty circle for a spirited rendition of *The Rooster*, which Connie Haines never sang. It goes something like this:

*Jacksonville has a rooster;
We put him on the fence,
And he crowed for the Dolphins
'Cause he's got good sense.
Holey, biley, biley ho,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
Oh, what a team.
Jacksonville's got a team.*

Indeed it does. But surely the Dolphins have some weaknesses, reporters asked Arad McCutchan during the tournament?

"They're very vulnerable," said the Evansville coach. "An 8-footer would murder 'em."

END



PART 2: TELEVISION AND SPORT

by **WILLIAM JOHNSON**

AFTER TV ACCEPTED THE CALL SUNDAY WAS NEVER THE SAME

The marriage of pro football and television—enlivened by an occasional phone-booth tryst—changed the country's way of life

It has come to be ritual, has it not? Sunday, U.S.A. Church services done and noon dinner, too (mashed potatoes out of a box, but perhaps the gravy is from real sauces of roast beef). The men-folks' belts go slack, Sunday suit coats are slung across the backs of the dining-room chairs. It is the appointed hour, and there, sleek and ready in the parlor with its glass eye polished extra clear for Sunday, sits the Zenith, the RCA, the Motorola, the Admiral. Yes, it is Sunday, for hear the thunder of drums, the stir of martial music issuing from the glowing innards; and look, the screen is floating full of the padded bodies of professional football players. There is anticipation, the breath of violence, the spark of carnival in the parlor . . . The National Football League is on the Air! . . . The American Football League in Action! For three, five, maybe even eight hours Sunday is consumed. Night falls with Unitas, Namath, Kapp, Lamonaca . . . and oh how the money rolls in.

The professional football leagues of the United States collect \$34.7 million from the NBC and CBS networks for the privilege of telecasting their games. This figure will increase in the 1970 season to \$40 million or so, which is 20 times more money than the NFL got for selling the same thing only 10 years ago. Averaged out, it will come to \$1.5 million a year for each of the 26 teams in professional football. It is with this money that the newlywed leagues intend to propagate and perpetuate the environment that has made their game America's pre-

eminent



mier athletic industry and the most popular national spectator recreation of the century.

It is television, nothing else, that has brought this ultimate gift of riches to pro football. The AFL leaped all but full-blown from the coffers of network television. The increase in franchises, the structure of the leagues, the dramatics of the playoffs and the creation of that celestial spectacle, the Super Bowl, have all been brought to us courtesy of the TV Establishment of America. Pro football, as we know it today, is plainly the son of Super Spectator.

Much has happened to pro football in the last 10 years; most of it is good, and nearly all of it has involved stupendous growth. "When I became NFL commissioner in 1960," says Alvin (Pete) Rozelle, "the office operation was two guys and an 80-year-old Kelly Girl in Philadelphia. Now we've got a whole new structure, a full-fledged administrative organization to keep up with expansion. . . ." The 1969 offices of professional football now take up the 12th and 13th floors of a lofty glass skyscraper along one of the loveliest sections of Park Avenue in New York. The suite is thickly carpeted in red and green, there are paintings on the walls, the desk tops are

broad and burnished walnut, the furniture is cool, leathery and plentiful. "Two guys and a Kelly Girl" have become 40 employees.

Pro football's opulence and ultraorganization does not imply a deficiency in the reign of Pete Rozelle's late and beloved NFL predecessor, Bertram DeBennville Bell of Philadelphia. Bell was a brilliant pioneer who spanned the ages of the game. He knew the humiliation of seeing his Eagles play before a paying crowd that contained fewer people than the press box. But before he died in 1959, he also saw his game prosper mightily. Much of the credit for that prosperity goes to Bell, for it was he who perceived a quintessential truth about TV and sport.

Bell ruled flatly that there would be blackouts of all home-game telecasts, and he did this back in TV's dim ages when the DuMont Network and local stations had just barely patched together the first primitive hookups to put the game out on the tube. Thus, unlike baseball's TV-triggered brush with box-office catastrophe, the NFL's attendance climbed steadily in the '50s and '60s, and it now has reached 90% of stadium capacities. To put that in its proper perspective, one must keep in mind that professional football (again unlike baseball) was a weak and dubious sport for most of the 20th century. In the first 34 seasons of its existence, 40 franchises appeared, struggled briefly and failed.

A corollary truth perceived immediately by Rozelle was that the league could disintegrate in a morass of inequities unless the TV dollar was divided equally among all teams. What this did was insure that the have-not clubs with a tiny television potential (notably the Packers) could thrive along with the stout metropolitan haves, such as the Giants, Rams and Bears.

The course of pro football through those formative, fragile years of the '50s was piloted deftly by Bell, a plain, rugged man who used to transact much of his business sitting in his kitchen wearing only his underwear. Now there is Rozelle, an outwardly different breed of genius who wheels the fortunes of pro football from his Park Avenue offices, or perhaps from his Sutton Place apartment, or maybe from his 72-foot Chris-Craft yacht moored in the Hudson River. He is tanned year round, manicured, well barbered, finely inked, articulate and still only 43 years old. But most important of all—among television pros he is considered a rare fellow.

"Pete is the most talented amateur I've ever seen," says Jack Dolph, until recently the director of CBS Sports. When particularly sticky negotiations are underway—such as last spring when owners were haggling over makeup of the newly merged leagues—TV executives feel free to stay out of it. "Pete will represent our interests as well as we could ourselves," says Chet Simmons, director of NBC Sports. Rozelle has even gained the ultimate business accolade. Dick Bailey, president of Hughes Sports Network, has said with an uncoined trace of envy, "No one I know can squeeze the last buck out of a situation the way Pete Rozelle can."

One reason for his reputation is that Rozelle is as



MILLIONAIRES MET WHILE WISNER PLAYED SPY

relentless as he is resourceful. In 1965, during a period of unrewarding renegotiation of the NFL contract with CBS, he realized that he did not have an essential weapon in his arsenal—the threat of moving to another major network if CBS did not meet his terms. (At the time NBC had the AFL and ABC was tied up with college football.) Undaunted, Rozelle ordered a top-secret study on the feasibility of the NFL creating its own television network. As the CBS situation continued to deteriorate, he showed the survey to a secret assembly of NFL owners. "I laid it all out," recalls Rozelle, "the bottom line potential, the top line and the blue sky possibilities in going to independent TV. It was feasible for us to do it—not a great situation, but within reality. The owners voted to go along with it—we would drop CBS and start out on our own." The owners were sworn to absolute secrecy about the vote. They also decided that CBS should have one more chance to meet the NFL terms and a 48-hour ultimatum was passed to CBS. It was met with yawns, shrugs and a splendid display of ennui—for a short time. "I don't know if CBS would have given in or not," recalls Rozelle, "but one of our owners, sworn to secrecy and all, got on the phone and told CBS about our survey and the dollar figures and the works. Up to the point of that leak, I think CBS had actually doubted our sincerity. . . ." No more. Within 24 hours a new contract was settled and the NFL did not need its own television network after all. "Hell, those plans were phony," growled a TV executive recently. "And that damn 'leak' was phony, too. It was just another Rozelle ploy to squeeze CBS."

Perhaps. But no one called Rozelle's hand. So it goes, bluff and counterbluff, ploy and counterploy, all to bring a few more dollars out of the TV till. The entrepreneurs of pro football insist that the desperate grip of their dollar pressure on the networks is not born of idle avarice. If they are deprived of even a few dollars of TV revenue, they say, catastrophe looms, bankruptcy threatens, chaos will reign.

All of which sounds suspiciously like normal, red-blooded, run-of-the-mill facsimile cries of doom as perfected by expert Thespian negotiators of labor and management over recent years. But is it?

The economics of pro football are rany, indeed, and the need for TV money is extreme. For example, the New York Jets, champions of football throughout the galaxy for 1969, did not play before one unsold seat at Shea Stadium in their superseason, yet the club only made \$135,000. Still, for some reason, the Jets are up for sale at the mad asking price of \$20 million, which is 20 times what the franchise was worth in 1963. One of the most successful NFL franchises, a team that has not had an empty seat at home in several years, manages to net barely \$200,000 a year. Inflation has been ferocious: from 1953 to 1968 player salaries for this team have increased 700%; administrative costs have risen 745% and scouting costs are up—hold on now!—2,700%.

"Player payrolls have increased astonishingly in the last 10 years," says William C. Ford, owner of the Detroit Lions and board member of the Ford Motor Company. "Other costs have risen, but not in proportion. Leonard Tose paid an exorbitant price for the Philadelphia Eagles—

probably \$18 million when you figure in certain house debts. [The same franchise sold for \$3.5 million in 1964.] And the expansion franchises are costly [some \$8.5 million now]. You can't apply the general rule of thumb—times earning ratio—to football. Franchises are selling for a couple of hundred times earnings, which is ridiculous."

Soeny Werblin, the ex-terminator of the Jets, is succinct on the subject. "Costs go up and attendance is at the maximum, so there is no longer any maneuverability for management." And Bill Ford sums it up for everyone. "There is no way we could survive without television. We couldn't make it without the income and we couldn't make it without the exposure. Television creates more interest and this influences box-office sales."

Surprisingly enough, this grand submission by pro football to television generates no particular enthusiasm among network executives; they splutter when confronted with their role as benevolent contributors to the sport. "Those guys created this damned monster," says Chet Simmons of NBC, "and now they want us to feed it. . . ."

The networks are likely to dangle between their own best financial interests and the NFL's needs for some time to come. "If we dropped pro football, our affiliates [local stations] would crucify us," says William C. MacPhail, vice-president of CBS-TV Sports. "But this thing has got to level off or our stockholders will start screaming."

Network executives admit that they have caused themselves a lot of their own troubles, for it is their own scrambling internecine competition to get to the best sports events that has led to the escalation of the price war. "The prices we pay are valid only in relation to each other," says Roome Arledge, president of ABC Sports. "Since antitrust laws won't let the networks talk with each other about prices for certain events, we have to go in swinging with the biggest dollar we dare to spend so the competition doesn't cream us. It's absurd, but we're trapped."

The absurdity of TV's plight was never more apparent than in 1964 during *The Affair of the Sealed Bid*. All the elements that make up the glamorous, scintillating, demanding and unnerving world of network television came into play on this celebrated occasion—suspense, one-upmanship, avarice, jealousy, skulduggery, espionage, mendacity, conspicuous consumption. . . .

It had long been arranged that at 11 a.m., Jan. 24, 1964, in the office of Pete Rozelle, then in the General Dynamics Building in Manhattan, the climax of a dramatic situation would occur. At that hour the sealed envelopes of those television networks interested in bidding for the rights to televise the 1964-65 regular-season games of the NFL would be presented to Commissioner Rozelle. The highest amount of money offered in these secret bids would take the grand and only prize.

At this point in pro football history, the AFL was a separate entity—and struggling. The NFL was an unparalleled success. Y. A. Tittle was the dean of U.S. sport. CBS had maintained a tight grip on the NFL since 1956, a time when pro football was only approaching its era of magic popularity. "Back then I would have preferred us to have college football because I thought the color, the rah-rah

continued

and the odds had it all over the pros," remembers Bill MacPhail. "Was I wrong?" The late '50s and early '60s were remembered as glorious and wealthy years at CBS Sports. "Practically everything we touched was making a profit," says MacPhail. "We were to No. 1 in those days. That was under Jim Aubrey, who probably was the most sports-conscious president the network ever had."

By 1964 the other networks were yearning to lay prostrate before Aubrey and CBS Sports. NBC and ABC each decided to light to the last drop of red ink to win the NFL rights from CBS, and they laid their plans in utmost secrecy. "It was like a patriotic cause," recalls Carl Lindemann Jr., vice-president of NBC Sports. "Betrayal meant death."

Weeks before the deadline, Pete Rozelle's office had sent each of the three networks a copy of bidding instructions as well as the existing contract with CBS, so there would be no mistake over ground rules. There was many a jot and tittle in the fine print and executives of all three networks pored over the pages seeking some tiny advantage their rivals might overlook. Both CBS and ABC found one: Deep in the thickets of legalese was a nugget, really an inference to be drawn from an omission. Nowhere did it say that the NFL would outlaw televising two games on a Sunday afternoon, one after the other. Any network allowed to do two games on Sunday would, naturally, attract more advertising revenue and thus could afford to bid more for the NFL rights. So, very separately and very secretly, CBS's MacPhail and ABC-TV President Thomas Moore phoned Rozelle to make discreet inquiries about basing their bids on a schedule of doubleheaders. "Go ahead," said Rozelle. There was no call from NBC, and Rozelle did not feel he should volunteer any information. "It would have been unethical for me to reveal a rival's plans," he says.

As bidding day, a Friday, drew near, the secrecy thickened. TV sports people are a clubby lot, and there were long discussions at Toots Sher's, Mike Manuche's, "21" and the like about how much each network might bid. As the rumors expanded, so did Rozelle's dreams of the bid: "CBS had been paying \$4,650,000 a year," he recalls, "but I was starting to up my hopes about \$1 million a day toward the end. The rumors were fantastic; I thought we might get \$10 million a year."

As the fateful Friday drew near, each network went into its final strategy sessions. At ABC Tom Moore had held his board of directors in session for two days and finally convinced them that they should go for broke. "Yes, I got what I wanted," Moore remembers, "but even though I was at the peak of my power then, I needed outside support. We had to have the whole board involved. It was too many people . . . too many people." It proved to be one too many, for sure.

At NBC the top echelon had been discussing the bid for days—Chairman of the Board Robert Sarnoff, Network President Robert Kintner, Director of NBC News William McAndrew, Carl Lindemann. It was not until an hour before the bid was due that Lindemann learned exactly how much he could offer. "McAndrew came into my office. He had been with Kintner," says Lindemann. "He laid a slip of paper with the number on my desk. We

had figured that the break-even point would be at \$18 million for the two years. I couldn't believe it when I saw the number Bill put down—it was far more than I had expected." However, before Lindemann left his office that morning he learned something else that was hard to believe. He found out for sure that NBC's bid was going to be far too small.

At mighty CBS the crucial final hours were rich with intrigue. As the sun set on Thursday there was a meeting in the conference room of William S. Paley, CBS board chairman. Only a trustworthy core of executives was in attendance: Paley, Aubrey, MacPhail, Dr. Frank Stanton, president of CBS, Tom Dawson, vice-president of CBS-Sales, and Sal Iannucci, attorney and vice-president of Business Affairs. Aubrey took charge and quickly sketched in the situation for the group. Then he snapped out the dollar figure that he thought would be required to clinch the deal. Stanton was aghast at the amount, and Paley was astounded, telling Aubrey that this was a money-be-damned approach more irresponsible than Hollywood ever saw in its worst days. The group discussed it a bit longer, then decided to make the final decision in the morning. Everyone was told to go straight home; there was to be no risk of a leak.

By 9 the next morning Aubrey was in Paley's office again, and a short time later he gave Bill MacPhail the amount of the bid he was to carry to Pete Rozelle's office. When he looked at the figure, MacPhail was almost as astonished as Stanton and Paley had been the evening before: the amount was considerably larger than the number Paley had questioned as Hollywood dementia a few hours earlier. *Wh?*

At 11 a.m. that Friday the anteroom of the NFL offices was jammed with reporters, floodlights, cameras, photographers. MacPhail, Lindemann and Arledge arrived with their network lawyers. The entourage shouldered through the crowd into Rozelle's inner office and sat down around his desk. Then each of the network sports directors handed Rozelle an envelope. At last something was happening above the table.

"I shuffled the envelopes," Rozelle says, "and I opened them at random. The bids were for two seasons, but I had asked them to put their figures in one-year terms." First came NBC's: \$10.3 million a year, a stunning increase over the \$4,650,000 CBS was then paying. Rozelle swallowed. "I had thought we might get over \$10 million. This was really damned good—as much as I expected." Then Rozelle picked up ABC's envelope, ripped it open, scanned the line print (yes, they wanted the doubleheaders) and finally read out the figure: \$13.2 million! Nearly triple the current contract. CBS's MacPhail gazed down at the table and his attorney, Iannucci, whistled a long note and gasped, "Jeezus H. Keenst!"

"The ABC bid was beyond any of my dreams," says Rozelle. "Even with the doubleheader thing, I never thought it would go over \$12 million a year. The CBS bid had to be an anticlimax. I opened it, and the thing was two pages long—all that fine print. The number was toward the bottom and I looked at it . . . and I looked at it again. It was for \$14.1 million a year."

There it was: \$28.2 million for two years of televised pro

football, the richest sport contract ever made. Photographers rushed in, reporters shouted, people shook hands. Bill MacPhail, deafened by questions and blinded by flashing bulbs, got so excited that he forgot to call Jim Aubrey for nearly an hour. Finally, as he and Rozelle were about to slip over to Toots Shor for a congratulatory Scotch, MacPhail remembered his boss. "Was Aubrey mad," says MacPhail. "He had already learned about it—in the men's room from some guy who had heard it on the radio. Jim was livid."

Later that day Aubrey cooled off; he bought MacPhail a drink. Now, looking back on the tension, frenzy and triumph of the morning, MacPhail says, perhaps with just the trace of a catch in his voice: "That was my greatest moment in sport."

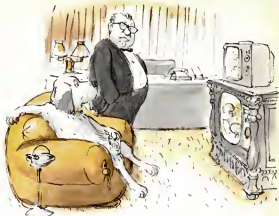
In its way, it was probably sport's greatest moment in television, too, for it threw open, once and for all, the doors to the big-money vault.

Rozelle may have been surprised, and his owners dumfounded, but nobody in the whole world was quite so shocked as ABC. "I couldn't get it through my mind," says Ed Scherick, then vice-president in charge of programming with the network. "Here we had gone in with \$26 million, laid it on the table and been rejected. Do you realize our whole blasted network had cost only \$15 million in 1951?" Well, if the truth were known—as it has now come to be among TV insiders—ABC was foiled by one of its own. Yes, the dark state secret of its tremendous bid had apparently been passed along for motives unknown to interested outsiders. That is why NBC knew on Friday morning that its bid was not going to win. NBC did not even try to meet ABC's figure. Too much. And, as shall be seen, there were other forces stirring in the air that day for NBC.

But what of that fantastic CBS bid? Was there an informer tipping off Paley, Stanton, Aubrey? Rumors still crash against the bar at Toots Shor that \$50,000 passed from CBS into the hands of an ABC man that day. MacPhail says he does not know, although he agrees it was curious that a proposed CBS bid considered ridiculous on Thursday night was suddenly bumped even higher Friday morning. Tom Moore, who resigned from ABC in August of 1968, says, "I still think our \$26 million should have been enough. But Jim Aubrey and I are good friends. We're both out now, and I asked him, 'Jim, you knew our bid that day, didn't you?' He said no. He said he just figured the doubleheader and \$1 million per club per year would do it." Perhaps.

Now, even amid recollections of that day's million-dollar whirl, it is time to pause and include the poor little AFL in the memory album. If the AFL ever wants to celebrate its true birthday, it ought to pick Jan. 24, 1964, for not until that date did it spring to robust life. Of course, it was literally born much earlier.

A full-blooded creation of television money and television exposure, the AFL began in 1959 when one Harry Hagerly, vice-chairman of the board of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, phoned Leonard Goldenson, ABC's board



A FAM. KINTNER BARKED IF NBC FOOTBALL LACKED BITE

chairman, and said he was in on an idea for a new professional football league and would ABC be interested? Mildly taken with the thought, Goldenson passed the word to Tom Moore, who was then ABC's programming boss.

Moore has been a key figure in TV sports' brief history, although it is true that he began his career as a publicity man for Forest Lawn cemetery and once spent two days showing Evelyn Waugh the grounds as research preparation for Waugh's cemetery satire, *The Loved One*. A whiz-bang salesman, Moore left Forest Lawn for CBS-TV Film Sales, moved to ABC in '57, became vice-president in charge of programming the next year, network president in 1963 and an ex-ABC employee five years later. He is not revered by network rivals, who feel he took too literally his own dictum: "Anything goes when it comes to competing for the rights to sports events."

Moore followed up on Hagerly's call and met with two men committed to the idea of an American Football League: the late Harry Wisner, the neurotic broadcaster who was the original owner of the New York Jets (once Titans), and Lamar Hunt, the soft-spoken millionaire from Texas who owns the Kansas City Chiefs (once Dallas Texans). Already they had unsuccessfully tried to peddle the new league to NBC, and since CBS had the NFL, the last resort was ABC. "They told me that if we would take them on they had a chance," says Moore. "I told them we were interested, but I didn't think it was worth too much. We agreed to meet again."

At the next meeting Moore was accompanied by Ed Scherick. The gathering was in Harry Wisner's ornate apartment on Park Avenue, and it proved to be a strange occasion indeed. Among Wisner's several idiosyncrasies was his conviction that he was under constant surveillance. He believed anyone associated with him would be perpetually tagged as part of the plot to keep tabs on Harry's life. Thus, in setting up a meeting to found the American Football League, Wisner insisted that everyone ar-

continued

rive at staggered times through as many different entrances as possible and via vastly circuitous routes.

"What cloak-and-dagger stuff that guy pulled," says Tom Moore. "He had secretly taped our first meeting, and I was mad. When I finally got to his apartment I demanded to know if he was going to secretly record us all again. He seemed surprised that I was angry. He thought everybody did it."

At the meeting Moore told the various millionaires and other would-be AFLers that maybe ABC could manage \$800,000 a year, a figure so low that everybody was indignant and the meeting broke up. A few weeks later Moore got a call from Sonny Werblin, then president of MCA-TV and unaffiliated with the AFL—except for a role as the founders' key man in the TV negotiation. "Many people think Sonny was a Johnny-come-lately to the AFL," says Moore, "but he was the guy who wrote the original deal. We had dinner at '21,' and Sonny scribbled down some figures and gave them to me. They looked pretty good."

Eventually, a price was reached—about \$1.7 million a year. It was neatly scaled to sales-and-rating slippage in a way that would have allowed ABC to reduce its payments in a ratio to how well the games sold. Ultimately, by practically peddling spots from door to door, the network came up with a profit.

So went Act I in *The Triumph of the American Football League over Seemingly Insurmountable Difficulties Such as Acute Talent Shortage, Public Ennui, Lack of Advertiser Acceptance and the NFL*. Act II began on the favorite fateful day—Jan. 24, 1964.

The AFL had now been with ABC for four seasons, with one more to go on its contract. Attendance was up from 926,156 in 1960 to 1,241,741 in 1963. CBS had displayed a rather smug and inverted sign of respect by refusing to give AFL scores during NFL games. The NFL hoped—and assumed—that the AFL would turn up as a corpse any day.

At the very moment Bill MacPhail and Pete Rozelle were clinking Scotchies at Toots Shor to commemorate the magnificence of MacPhail's Greatest Moment, the fate of the AFL took an unexpected turn for the better. The NFL huds had been opened only a block from the offices of NBC in Manhattan, and Carl Lindemann, with nothing to celebrate, was back at his desk barely half an hour after he had left, empty-handed, gloomy, seeking consolation, when lo!—"No sooner had I hit the chair than I found this note: 'Call Joe Foss.' Two hours later I was in an office with Joe Foss [then AFL commissioner] and Sonny Werblin. They wondered if NBC would like to take on the AFL."

The coincidence of it all taxes credulity, or does it? NBC's president, Bob Kintner, was celebrated as a sports fanatic. ("He'd call up and chew us out if his dog looked bored by a TV game," says an NBC man.) Bob Kintner had often spoken—grimly—of his determination to have pro football on his network. And Bob Kintner was a close friend of Sonny Werblin. So perhaps it is best to rule out coincidence after all and simply give Werblin credit—again—for his exquisite sense of timing.

When the preliminary meeting with Foss and Werblin



TODAY NOBODY PROTESTS THE UNTIMELY TIME-OUT

ended, Lindemann climbed into Sonny's limousine for the three-block ride back to his office. As they sat in the back seat, Werblin took an envelope from his coat pocket and hesitated a moment with his pen poised over it. "Carl," he said, "you say the NFL got \$28.2 million?" Lindemann nodded, and Werblin's pen moved busily about the back of the envelope. Then he looked up at Lindemann, gave him the envelope and said, "We have the following in mind, Carl."

"Well, it was right there on the envelope," says Lindemann. "I don't think we ever changed basically from that." The figures, as finally resolved, came to \$42 million over five years, which is a lot of money. Kintner gave his approval to the deal, but he had one vehement demand. He told Werblin, Foss and all concerned that the contract had to be completely wrapped up by midnight four days later. There could be no dillydallying by the AFL. Kintner feared, of course, that ABC might find out about the offer. Perish the thought! The final day arrived, the lawyers were finishing drafting the terms and as everyone was taking a break, Joe Foss slipped quietly out of the NBC offices to the street, stepped into a phone booth near the RCA Building and dialed Tom Moore at ABC. "I couldn't believe it," says Moore. "When Joe told me NBC was talking about \$8 million a year, I told him, 'Joe, you're out of your mind. If they really want \$8 million a year, take it! But bring your lawyers with you!'" Foss told Moore he already had a copy of the contract with him. Would Moore like to see it?

And thus it was that the president of ABC-TV hurried to the corner of Sixth Avenue and 50th Street, and there, with the commissioner of the American Football League at his side, squinting in the dim light of a street lamp, he read the terms of a contract that his bitterest rival would have fought a battalion of FCC commissioners to keep him from seeing Moore finish reading, folded the paper up, handed it to Foss and told him the AFL would be foolish not to accept. Then, using the same pay phone Foss had called him from, Moore dialed his boss, Leonard Goldenson, at a Park Avenue dinner party and told him the sad news. "I said we'd end up losing \$5 million a year if we tried to keep the AFL," said Moore. "Leonard did not argue."

That night, representatives of NBC and the AFL assembled at Toots Shor. It was 11 p.m. Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1964—hardly 100 hours since Bill MacPhail and Pete Rozelle had toasted their partnership in the same saloon. Now it was Carl Lindemann and Joe Foss who shook hands—and despite the enormity of the NFL's monetary triumph, this second deal was the more significant to the future of pro football. For it meant the AFL was, without dispute, a big-league venture and here to stay.

The events of January 1964 meant, in the final analysis, that for better or worse, an entire sport had been bought, and it was never really going to be the same again. Everybody, including the fans, recognized—and soon accepted—the fact that whatever pro football did in the future, the decisions would have to be made in terms of the economic needs of television. We might be impressed by new contract figures and annoyed by schedule changes (it's hard to feel rah-rah on Monday night), but we will never again be surprised by anything pro football and television cook up.

A small but meaningful example is the attitude toward commercial breaks. They can hardly go unnoticed; there are always at least 19 over the four quarters of a contest. But complaints about them have increased to the vanishing point. Whereas network executives were once paranoid on the subject, they are quite unconcerned about public reaction to commercials now. As MacPhail says: "A few years ago I wouldn't talk about this outside my most trusted colleagues at the network. We used to have those semisecret signals from guys in red caps or white gloves. Now a man just waves his hand at the referee when we need a commercial. Nobody cares."

The influence of TV on the game is more apparent in the self-determined and voluntary acts of football entrepreneurs themselves than in any pervasive coaxing or general arm-twisting by network men. Within the past year, the two decisions that will do more to shape pro football's future than anything in some time—realignment of the leagues and scheduling of Monday-night games—were both caused by the reaction of owners to the influence of television.

The realignment—Baltimore, Cleveland and Pittsburgh into the AFL—was made in that fashion solely to placate AFL owners who insisted that their league get some prime TV markets, which these three cities are. "It would have been degrading to the AFL if the NFL were providing most of the TV money," says Lamar Hunt, "and never mind that the money gets shared evenly anyway."

The Monday-night games were scheduled because the owners looked at their rising costs and wanted more income. The only realistic answer, as seen by Rozelle, was Monday-night prime-time television. The venture was hardly appreciated by NBC or CBS. Each has a Monday-night schedule of very profitable whatnots that it likes to bring to America during those hours, and prime-time football is dubious as a moneymaker by comparison. Both networks tried to put some muscle to Rozelle—to no avail—and then tried to sweet-talk him into just five or six games (which an NBC-CBS alliance might have picked up in order to split the damage). But Rozelle insisted on a full

13 games, and he sold them to ABC last spring for \$8.6 million after the harshest of negotiations. Probably the sharpest spur to ABC's bid was not so much delight at getting back in the pro football game as the menace of Howard Hughes and his sports network. Rooney Arledge puts it quite frankly: "We didn't delude ourselves. We were worried that we'd lose a whole load of affiliates to Hughes on Monday if we didn't have the games ourselves. We simply couldn't risk the competition."

One of the final moral and economic anomalies caused by ABC getting Monday's games is the fact that both NBC and CBS—having committed millions for lavish productions, glamorous promotions and various other priceless gimmicks to generate a massive and tenacious public commitment to pro football—must now turn about on Monday nights and try to knock the game off the rating charts and into electric limbo. Yes, it is a tangled web we weave. . . .

The question for pro football as it moves into the '70s is whether the world is too much with it—saturated to the point that audience enthusiasm and, more important, advertiser interest, wanes. "It's bad," says Tom Gallery, NBC's former sports director and one of the acknowledged deans of TV sport. "It's even worse than we think, because the time on pro football games is so expensive that no one can afford more than a couple of spots. The pro football people have been pressing so hard that they are forcing sponsors right out of sight with those high fees. It's killing the networks, too, and I don't know how long it can continue."

No one does. But if it did not continue, if TV pulled out of pro football and left all those bankrupt owners behind, the game would probably wither and be desecrated upon the land. Ritual Sunday U.S.A. would go back to—what? Croquet? Wicker-basket picnics in bosky dells? Naps? Cups of Kool-Aid in porch swings?

We need not face that emergency for a time, however. It is rooted deep in the nerve centers of competitive television that, after profits, the ruling drives are corporate jealousy, financial gamesmanship and a nagging fear that your rival will outshrew you.

If the major networks were to drop out of pro football today, Howard Hughes is waiting in the shadowed wings. And behind everything, one can see the ethereal shape of pay TV. So it would seem the needs of pro football will be met via TV for some time. It is written in the celestial circuitry, upon some engineer's log in that great technocracy in the sky, that things really are as a CBS executive says: "When we make a sport successful, we become our own worst competitors. We bid the prices up and up and up because we don't dare do anything else for fear a competitor will get the event."

Beneath that blanket of self-perpetuating money, pro football looks secure for years to come.

NEXT WEEK: THE TOUGHEST GAME

The most competitive of TV sports is a contest the public never sees. Avoid intrigue and suspense, plot and play, lobby and dismay, the networks risk their audience.



A BAY OF DREAMS

This is the time of year in San Francisco when sailors scrape the barnacles from their BankAmericards and set a course for the boat show—and the sailing season beyond. It has grown quite lustily, this San Francisco show; during its Jan. 9-18 run in the Cow Palace it is expected to attract nearly 400,000 visitors. From apartments on the Bay itself and houses on the city's heights will come sea-smitten men and women to dream of bigger boats and brighter sails and of feats to make a Mosbacher marvel when the spinakers are up and a fog drifts in to soften the towers of the Golden Gate Bridge. On these pages are a distinguished watercolorist's impressions of those unique waters, followed by a prose appreciation of the Bay's colorful, energetic sailing life.

PAINTINGS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN







Racing yachts flying downwind in close company sail past one of the Boy's ubiquitous freighters.



FRISKY WATERS BY AN ALABASTER CITY

As the rest of the world sometimes tires of being told, the people of San Francisco catch a pinch of verve and a dash of ingenuity to life's little pleasures, yachting not excepted. When the sailing season opens for San Francisco on the first Sunday in May, it seems that everyone who owns anything floatable steers it for the grand rendezvous beneath the Golden Gate Bridge. There the pilot boat *California* waits to lead a parade back along the shoreline of the Bay, past Fort Scott, past the Presidio and the Palace of Fine Arts, past the Marina, past Gas-house Cove and Fort Mason and all the way to the toe of Telegraph Hill. There everyone disperses for rejuvenation and refreshments in the protected waters of a hundred coves and inlets. It is a marvelous celebration and yet an incongruous one—some might say it is better suited to a Sicilian fishing fleet than an admixture of American merchants, lawyers, bus drivers and other maritime addicts. The whistles blow, the fireworks pop and the balloons fly with an élan that is delightfully un-American.

There follow some 20 or 30 weekends of hectic racing and leisurely cruising in some of the friskiest, moodiest, busiest and most spectacular water to be found anywhere on the continent. From their nesting grounds in Sausalito and Tiburon and the Lower and Upper Bay, the boats emerge to challenge the stiff breezes funneling through the Golden Gate or to drift idly in the lee of Angel Island and Belvedere.

The San Francisco summer has a quality as unique as the shimmering city that rises out of the Bay like an alabaster mirage. For one thing, it is parka weather. The chill wind scudding across the Bay will blow up to 30 knots or more. When it meets an ebbing tide, the chop on the surface of the Bay calls for a brand of seamanship that only years of local knowledge can provide. Toward evening the furnace air of the Central

Valley pushes its way into the Delta and the Bay beyond to confront the Pacific breezes. Then an opaline fog descends over Bay and city.

Astride the yacht anchorage of the city and facing the waterfront dwellings of the Marina, the St. Francis Yacht Club sits in isolated splendor. In the days when the bonanza kings raced their cumbersome gaff-rigged sloops through the Bay, the 100-year-old San Francisco YC lived in Sausalito, but it outgrew those quarters in 1927 and split. Half the San Francisco members opted for a new anchorage in nearby Belvedere, but 400 members put up \$1,000 apiece and built themselves the present St. Francis Yacht Club adjoining the Marina on a landfill that was made for the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Because yachtsmen are as near to a classless society as you are apt to get in San Francisco, the St. Francis YC is anything but stuffy. At noontime a number of the members drift over from their downtown offices for lunch in the grill room, and it is not unusual for one of them to be hammering out a little ragtime on the upright piano in the corner.

Looking out the windows of the St. Francis YC on a Saturday or Sunday morning during the season you can see such an assembly of sail it might seem possible to walk a few hundred yards across the Bay from boat deck to boat deck. Of the more than 30 classes of boats organized to race in the Bay, most will be represented in one way or another, but the local one-design classes such as the Bear and Cal boats will predominate. They are mainly sloop-riggers, sparse of sail and heavy of keel to better battle the winds and tides that make Bay sailing so demanding.

Then there are the more ecumenical types, boats seen on a variety of waters. What most of them have in common, however, is the versatility to both race and cruise. For the latter is indigenous to Bay yachting. Many of the races involve an overnight stop—for example, the traditional Vallejo race, part of which starts near the San Rafael Bridge, passes through San Pablo Bay and has its sleeper close by the old Mare Island Navy Yard. Others take to the open

sea and anchor overnight at Drake's Bay to the north or Santa Cruz to the south. Or, if just a single day's racing is involved, they may circumnavigate the bleak Farallon Islands, 30 miles offshore, or the lights of a mere 11 miles west of the portals of the Golden Gate.

Unless one has sailed the Bay it is not easy to imagine the stunning effect of passing beneath one of those massive bridges, with their stanchions dwarfing you and your boat like colossuses from some forgotten fairy tale. Or of passing beneath the fantail of a merchant ship that suddenly materializes out of the fog with its cargo of mystery from a distant port. Or sailing abreast of an immense aircraft carrier with its thousand-foot homecoming pennant streaming aft and its solemn crew lining the rail and tasting the first sight of home. The day was when the big ships in the Bay served as moving hazards for the racing fleet and enterprising helmsmen used them like picks in a basketball game. That ceased when such games were ruled reason for disqualification.

Just as the great boat parade inaugurates each new season, the rather exclusive cruise of the St. Francis Yacht Club in September signals its impending demise. Craft of all shapes and sizes sail the 70 miles up the San Joaquin River to Tinsley Island, the club's 40-acre retreat a few miles west of Stockton. It is strictly stag, and there on Tinsley for two days and three nights some 600 yachtsmen joll and eat and drink and tell stories and watch amateur theatricals each evening after supper. It is known as the Bohemian Grove of yachting, and such eminent sailors as Bus Mosbacher and the Stephens brothers from New York, along with several dozen of their East Coast neighbors, often make the trip.

By early October the heat begins to subside in the Central Valley, the frisk westerlies off the Pacific die down, a more gentle wind comes out of the north and northeast, and the waters of the Bay lose much of their vigor. The moods of sailors turn to football and golf and duck shooting, and all but the most ardent of them lash down their boats for another winter.

—ALFRED WRIGHT

Fog shrouds the shore as Bird class yachts depart the San Rafael Bridge (above) and run for Vallejo. Below, Knarr sloops have a spirited race.

JUST CALL HIM SUPER DARYLE

Oakland's Daryle Lamonica, once named one of the game's 10 most conceited players, thinks he's the best quarterback alive. K.C. will put him to the test in Sunday's AFL title game *by EDWIN SHRAKE*



Late at night Daryle Lamonica sometimes lies in bed with his eyes open and sees himself throwing a little pass to Charlie Smith, who then runs through the snow along the sideline in Shea Stadium for about 25 yards and scores a touchdown against the New York Jets. The next scene that appears in Lamonica's mind is a celebration. The Oakland Raiders have climbed atop benches and steamer trunks in their locker room and are cheering each other and toasting their second straight AFL championship. It is Dec. 29, 1968. In Manhattan a dozen authors are putting away their Joe Namath manuscripts and calling the Raiders' publicity director for background stuff on Lamonica.

The following events in Lamonica's fantasy take place in the Super Bowl, where a tall, confident quarterback is calmly outwitting the Baltimore defenses, planning his moves like a chess master and throwing one touchdown pass after another. Now he is known as Super Daryle. It has taken a long time, but clean living has paid off, the best man has won, and Daryle Lamonica has taken a place in the Golden Dome pantheon—reserved for Notre Dame heroes—as champion quarterback of the world.

These visions recur with such clarity because Lamonica believes they so easily could be true, should have been already and soon will be in some form or other, perhaps beginning this Sunday afternoon when the Raiders meet the Kansas City Chiefs for the AFL championship.

There was slightly more than two minutes to play in that 1968 AFL title game, and Oakland was losing 23-27 but had driven to the New York 24. Lamonica lobbed a pass behind the line of scrimmage to Charlie Smith, who not only did not catch the ball but did not pick it up when it fell to the ground. Jet Linebacker Ralph Baker had the foresight to do so, the pass was correctly ruled a lateral rather than an incompleteness and the Jets got the ball and eventually the Super Bowl victory that made Namath an international celebrity.

"I have no doubt we would have beaten Baltimore, too," said Lamonica recently. "If it just hadn't been for that one pass to Charlie Smith. Well, I've had a lot of sleepless nights over that one, but I'm convinced it was a good call. With his speed Charlie could have

ripped right on into the end zone. I wouldn't hesitate to call that play again, but this time I'd drop back a little deeper so it couldn't be a lateral."

Lamonica was sitting in a booth in a coffee shop in Alameda, Calif., next door to a building near the Oakland Coliseum where he has a four-room apartment. The day before, he had been duck hunting around Fresno. And the day before that he had thrown six touchdown passes in less than two quarters against Buffalo, the team that traded him to Oakland two years earlier. Now he was back in his neighborhood, and nothing was happening. Joe Namath couldn't have sat in that coffee shop for three minutes without being approached by fans wanting autographs and a look at his curly and abundant locks. But all that happened to Daryle Lamonica was that the boy with the coffee pot kept coming back before he was needed, and a couple of old men in another booth glanced over now and then.

This anonymity is odd. In 1967 Lamonica was the AFL's leading passer. In 1968 he was second to Len Dawson, and this year he was third behind Greg Cook of Cincinnati and Namath. But Lamonica threw for 34 touchdown passes in 1969, or exactly as many as Cook and Namath put together. In regular-season games over the past three years Lamonica leads Namath in touchdown passes (89 to 60), has fewer interceptions (60 to 62), is close in yardage (9,775 to 9,888) and has completed an almost identical percentage (about 51%). Lamonica's Raiders had a better regular-season record in those three years than Namath's Jets (37-4-1 to 29-12-1). In addition Lamonica threw two touchdown passes against Houston in the 1967 championship game, two more against Green Bay in the Super Bowl, passed for five touchdowns against Kansas City in last year's Western Division playoff, passed for 401 yards and one touchdown in the championship game against the Jets and was named the league's Most Valuable Player in 1967 and again this year. Moreover, in Oakland's 56-7 playoff win over Houston a fortnight ago, Lamonica completed 13 of 17 for 276 yards and six touchdowns. In the Jets' 13-6 loss to Kansas City in the other playoff game, Namath completed only 14 of 40 for 164 yards and no touchdowns. Faced with all this evidence, how come most people think Namath is the better quar-

terback and how come Namath has more notoriety?

"I'm just not very colorful," Lamonica said that day in the coffee shop. "I don't pop off and I don't go for the mod clothes. Joe and I don't have much in common. I'm no candidate for a *Bachelor* III franchise. I'm not saying I don't love to have a good time. I like a drink and a girl. But I'm discreet. I stay out of the public eye. What Joe does is his business. I don't put him down for it. I respect him. He works hard at being a good quarterback. If he didn't he couldn't be a winner. But we've got different ideas about how to relax. Joe does what he pleases, and so do I. My idea of the way to relax is to take off into the woods on Monday after a game, go hunting or fishing, break a sweat, let the old tissues unwind out in the open air. Joe relaxes with a different set of people than I do."

Why is Namath acclaimed as the best quarterback in the AFL? "Well, playing in New York doesn't hurt his chances for getting publicity," Lamonica said with a broad smile. "I feel I'm a better quarterback than Joe Namath is, and I can beat him anytime we play, both in statistics and on the scoreboard. Of course, I don't always do it, but that's how I feel. I want to be known as the No. 1 quarterback, and you do that by winning. Joe didn't have a great year last year, but his team got to the Super Bowl and won. That's what counts. The Jet coaches did a great job beating the Baltimore linebackers. Joe didn't rip them up like he said. Several times he threw passes into the Baltimore zone that he shouldn't have thrown, but he has a great arm and he zipped the ball in there anyhow. He called a good game, but he had a great game plan. And the Jets had a great defense. If the other team scores only seven points, you *ought* to win."

The Raiders and Jets have played each other five times, including last year's championship, since Lamonica became a regular. The Jets won two out of the three games at Shea Stadium, the Raiders won two of two in Oakland, one of which was the famed "Heddi game," when the Raiders scored two touchdowns in the final nine seconds. In the five games Lamonica has more yards (1,557 to 1,352), more touchdowns (12 to 8), more completions (92 to 84), but also more interceptions (9 to 7), and Oak-

continued

land has scored more points (145 to 129). All these figures are interesting, though they are hardly proof of superiority for either man or team.

Lamonica, however, is certain that the Raiders are the better club and that there have been few quarterbacks in his class. Some call this conceit. At the 1968 Super Bowl, Lamonica freely compared himself to Bart Starr and didn't come off with all the worst of it. At the time he had been a starter for one season—after four years of playing behind Jack Kemp at Buffalo—and the comparison struck many as premature. But it was true that the Raiders were 13-1 in Lamonica's first year, even though he was so unfamiliar with the playbook that coach veterans as Center Jim Otto and Guard Wayne Hawkins had to make adjustments at the line of scrimmage when he called for formations that weren't in the Oakland repertoire. Lamonica got through that year on determination and physical ability rather than expertise. If he seemed very high on himself later, he had the record to back up his opinion. Still, a lady columnist wrote that the 28-year-old quarterback rated among the game's 10 most conceited players, and this stung him.

"I didn't want my mother to read anything like that," Lamonica said. "I've never met the person who wrote it, but obviously she can't tell conceit from pride. I do have a lot of pride and I have a lot of confidence in myself. I have to have confidence because I'm a leader, and it has to show. If I throw a bad ball or even if I throw five or six bad balls in a row, my team doesn't need to worry that I'm going to fold up and quit. I'll hang in there and keep throwing and pretty soon we'll hit a touchdown and win the game. Listen, our whole team has pride. Our defense, for example, doesn't just want to win. They want a shootout. They hate it if you complete a pass against them or make a yard. For me, I'm throwing to win. If I only complete three passes in an entire game but they all go for touchdowns and we win, then I'm happy. There are quarterbacks who throw safe passes to get the big percentage of completions. That's not me. I'd rather look lousy and win than great and lose."

Lamonica grew up on what most people, especially Easterners, would say is a farm, but in California is called a ranch. His family raised peaches, and Daryle

spent much of his time outdoors. "My mom is Irish, my dad is Italian and there's a little pinch of Cherokee for spunk," he said. "I've got a true Italian temper. My mother has taught me to control it, but to keep that inner desire never to lose. The result is a real killer instinct. You've got to have that to play this game well. Jim Dunaway [a Buffalo defensive tackle] and I are like brothers, but in a game he's nothing but an X to me. All the players are Xs or Os. I'm in my own little world. This game is a fight for survival, and the more points you put on the board the less chance you have of losing. I don't call off the dogs on anybody."

This philosophy was quite apparent in the Buffalo game last October. With only seconds left in the first half, Lamonica had already thrown six touchdowns passes and Oakland led 42-7, but when the Raider offense took over the ball Lamonica threw a long second-down pass, trying for a seventh touchdown that would have tied the single-game AFL record held by his substitute, 42-year-old George Blonda. The pass was complete but the receiver was forced out of bounds at the Buffalo six. There was more to it than simply wanting the record, which Lamonica says he wasn't aware of. The Raiders were determined to pour it on against John Rauch, their former coach. And Lamonica wanted to keep reminding the Bills of a trade they never should have made.

The trade came at a point in Lamonica's life when he thought he finally had made good after years of frustration. The fact is, he had, but not in the manner he expected.

Tom Meehan, a former sportswriter for *The Fresno Bee*, started recruiting Lamonica for Notre Dame when Daryle was a high school sophomore in Clovis, Calif. Meehan, a former police captain, high school coach, marine and scout for the Philadelphia Eagles, is now president of Matrex Capital Management Corp., which handles investments for professional athletes. He has been a major influence on Lamonica, who went to Notre Dame in such an emotional state that when he heard the band play the Victory March he got goose pimples. He still does. An acquaintance describes him as "a Golden Dome man all the way. You know, the body is a temple and all that."

But Lamonica arrived at Notre Dame

at the wrong time. The Irish were down. The coach was Joe Kuharich. The offense and defense were equally weak, and other teams were taking revenge for decades of Notre Dame domination. Lamonica was an Irish quarterback in the forgettable period between Paul Hornung and John Huarte. His record was undistinguished. Notre Dame didn't have a winning season while he was there. Before his senior year—1962—the *NCAA Football Guide* said, "Frank Budka should win the quarterback fight from Daryle Lamonica and Ed Ruskowski. If Budka clicks, Notre Dame should have a much better season than the one forecast." The top college senior quarterbacks of 1962 were Heisman Trophy winner Terry Baker of Oregon State, Glynn Griffing of Ole Miss, Billy Moore of Arkansas and Bill Nelsen of USC. The best juniors were George Mira of Miami, Billy Lothridge of Georgia Tech, Jack Concannon of Boston College, Pete Beathard of USC, Bill Munson of Utah State and Don Trull of Baylor. Joe Namath of Alabama was a sophomore, as were Roger Staubach at Navy and Craig Morton at California.

There was no room for Lamonica on the major All-America teams. The guys he had looked up to had been the legendary Notre Dame quarterbacks—Stuhldreher, Lujack, Bertelli, Williams, Hornung—but Lamonica finished his college career as just another name, although one that had an interesting sound to it, a name people remembered without quite knowing why. It is well that they did, for Lamonica and Nelsen are the only quarterbacks among the 1962 senior stars who made it in pro football, even though others tried.

Green Bay drafted Lamonica in the 12th round, and Buffalo selected him 24th. He chose Buffalo because he thought it would be easier to beat out Kemp than Starr, but for four years he was used mostly in relief when Kemp was hurt or having a bad day. At the close of the 1966 season Lamonica asked Coach Joe Collier to promise him that he could play equal time with Kemp the following exhibition season. Assured that he could, Lamonica returned to California and went hunting in the mountains. He was pleased because he liked

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED KAPLAN

DUCK HUNTING in Pittsburg, Calif., Lamonica wades ashore with a proud he bagged.



playing in Buffalo despite a native Californian's aversion to snow, and he believed getting equal time in the exhibition games would be tantamount to winning the starting quarterback job.

On the day of the 1967 pro football draft Lamonica shot a bobcat with a pistol. He had wanted a stuffed bobcat for his den, and this was a good one, and he stopped off in Clovis to show the dead cat to some of his friends. They told him what they had just heard on the radio: Lamonica had been traded to Oakland.

Exactly who at Oakland deserves credit for the trade depends on who is to be believed. Al Davis, managing general partner of the Raiders, says he had been trying to trade for Lamonica for two years, and some of his ex-employees—Davis has hordes of ex-employees—recall many occasions when Davis said wistfully, "If only we had that big guy from Buffalo," meaning Lamonica. Rauch, who resigned as the Raiders' coach at the end of last season, says the responsibility for the trade belongs to himself, Player Personnel Director Ron Wolf and former General Manager Scotty Sterling. "Davis left it up to us," says Rauch. "I made the phone call that made the trade. It was during the draft, and we had only a few minutes for the decision." But Davis says, "Rauch never had anything to do with any player deal all the time he was at Oakland. We had to carry Rauch for three years and now he claims credit for getting Lamonica! That's too much to swallow."

Anyhow, Lamonica was traded to Oakland along with Receiver Glenn Bess and two draft choices. Buffalo received a superb split end, Art Powell, Quarterback Tom Flores and a No. 2 pick. To many observers it seemed Buffalo had made the sharper bargain. But as it turned out, the trade was a disaster for the Bills and a bonanza for Oakland. Powell played only five games before he got a knee injury that eventually forced his retirement. Flores was knocked unconscious in an exhibition game, got another good rap during the season and lost his effectiveness. In 1968 Buffalo lost five quarterbacks to injuries and Kemp missed the entire season because of a knee operation. The Bills had been AFL champions two years in a row and Eastern Division champions three, all while Lamonica was there, but their luck changed when they traded him.

continued



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SUPER DARYLE *continued*

They have won five of 23 games since.

Rauch spent many hours drilling Lamonica on the Oakland offense. When communications became strained between them, young John Madden—now at 33 the Oakland coach—took over. "I talked a lot of football with Al Davis," said Lamonica. "Davis is brilliant. He can turn a simple play into a great one. A man would be a fool not to listen to him. Also at Oakland I've roomed on the road with Cotton Davidson [an ex-quarterback who is now on the taxi squad], and he's been a tremendous help to me. Sometimes I keep him awake all night asking questions."

It should be pointed out—as Lamonica is quick to do—that a strong young offensive line has certainly not hindered his performance. Guards Gene Upshaw and Jim Harvey (both 6' 5", 250) and Tackles Harry Schuh (6' 3", 260) and Bob Svihus (6' 4", 250) operate around Jim Otto, a 250-pound, 10-year veteran center. They are so effective that Lamonica was dumped only 11 times this season and Blanda once—the least in the league. "A quarterback has to expect bangs and bruises," Lamonica said. "It's part of the game that the other side tries to smash the quarterback. But my line makes me feel guilty sometimes. They're doing all the work, and I'm standing there throwing passes." In addition, Lamonica's three main receivers—Fred Biletnikoff, Warren Wells and Billy Cannon—are probably as good as Don Maynard, George Sauer and Pete Lammons, the trio of Jets who have become famous as targets for Namath.

To figure out how to get the ball to his receivers, as well as what running plays to call, Lamonica draws a football field on a piece of paper four nights before a game. Using Madden's game plan and ideas of his own, Lamonica broods over the diagram in his apartment. He imagines various situations, then selects plays he might use. "When I get in the game, I've been there before," he said. "Playing the game in my mind first helps me be alert. The other team may do something different and it may take three quarters to adjust the blocking, but then you can attack. You can sense when a quarterback has got it. He grasps it and comes alive. He gets three or four touchdowns. Mental preparation is a quarterback's livelihood, along with blocking and execution. Working with John Madden is great for

me. He knows football and he can sell it. He won't put a play in the book if he can't convince me it will work. Even then, I go into a game with an open mind and let the defense dictate what we'll do. This offense of ours can score 40 points on anybody."

Early this season the Oakland offense faltered, the fans booed and there were suggestions that Lamonica be replaced with Blanda. The trouble was that Lamonica was trying to play his way out of several injuries. "If people boo and feel bad, how do they think we feel?" he said. "We want to represent Oakland and win, but I can't stop the game and say, 'Look here, I've got a sore arm and a sore wrist and I'm dragging my leg with a strained hamstring.' The position is my responsibility, regardless of what's wrong with me. Boing would never run me out of pro football, but I hope I'm through playing by the time all the teams have artificial grass. Somebody has done a great selling job on this artificial stuff, but not to the players. Every player I've talked to hates it. You have good footing, and maybe it cuts down on knee injuries, but you get terrible burns and the stuff is so hard it's like falling on your living room floor with two 260-pound guys on top of you. That artificial grass is good for the owners and promoters, but they don't ask the players. We have three times as many painful injuries as on real grass."

There is no synthetic turf in Tulane Stadium, where the Super Bowl game will be played this month. Lamonica often thinks about his previous Super Bowl appearance and he plans for his next one. "That other time, I had butterflies so big I thought they'd carry me out of the stadium," he said. "What we lacked was experience. Two or three plays can beat you in a big game. That's what happened to us. After the game Bart Starr said we were a fine young team, that our mistakes beat us. That reassured me. I know we're not losers and we're not afraid of anybody. We'll be back."

Lamonica drummed his fingers on the tabletop in the coffee shop. The boy with the coffee pot leapt forward, and the two old men looked up. But Lamonica didn't see them. He was staring at his hands. "What I want is a world championship ring," he said.

And what then?

"After that I want one for each finger."

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PEOPLE

✦ In Canada, for their latest efforts to promote peace, **John Lennon** and **Yoko Ono** took time out over the holidays for their first snowmobile ride. Last May they demonstrated for peace by spending 10 days in bed in a Montreal hotel room. Now, in midwinter, they are thinking of outdoor rallies at the Mosport grand prix track in Ottawa. Surely it would have been easier the other way round.

Bill Vecek failed to secure the services of Harvard football Coach **John Yovician** as a special summer assistant at his Suffolk Downs racetrack—Yovician accepted but promptly resigned because of university disapproval. Vecek was piqued, to say the least, but the least is hardly what he said. "It was the pressure from the stuffy bums, from those who think they're too good to have anything of theirs associated with anything involving gambling," he growled. "I honestly thought Harvard had enough problems of its own, without looking for more. The school has made its way into the papers rather often in recent months. I thought an alumni at Suffolk Downs were being quite open-minded to accept a

man from such a place. I think John Yovician is a brave, courageous man to be associated with Harvard, the way events are going. Suffolk Downs has paid taxes every year for 333 years—that's right—333. Harvard hasn't paid any." Vecek wondered whether Harvard should continue to accept grants from old grads, such as **Peter Fuller**, who owns race horses, and he added, "I wouldn't want to say that gamblers rob their piggy banks to get down on Harvard's teams—after all, who enjoys betting on the underdog all the time—but more money is bet on college and professional football than is bet at all the racetracks in the country combined." Ah, but not by Harvard men, according to Suffolk Downs Vice-President Tom Beedem. "I don't think Yovician would have helped much anyway," he says cheerfully. "The way these Ivy Leaguers bet, it takes four of them to buy a \$2 ticket."

The occasion was **Tiny Tim's** wedding supper, and that old gang of his was there—Tom Lasky, Kirby Warren, Joe Costello, Artie Wachter and **Herbie Klauzy** (T.T. himself)—now all with wives. Reminiscing about



Tiny's first childhood in New York's Washington Heights, Lasky said, "Herbie was always dreaming of becoming a star athlete, but he was a very clumsy boy. He was crazy about hockey, but he couldn't stand up on the ice." It was nice that on so happy an occasion Lasky was able to continue, "but there was one sport Herbie excelled in: Thumb wrestling. Nobody could beat him thumb wrestling—he had the biggest thumbs on the block, and he knew how to use them." Asked to exhibit his unsuspected skill Tiny said, "Oh, oh, no, no? I am holding hands with Miss Vicki, you see."

"The poetic suggestiveness . . . was often mere decoration on the lid of a Pandora's box of violent and aggressive impulse," a recent *London Times Literary Supplement* editorial says of the work of dramatist **Maurice Maeterlinck**. In the same issue contributor **Edward Lockspeiser** relates that Maeterlinck "allowed unrelenting aggressive instincts to rise to the surface." The TLS editorial paraphrases Lockspeiser as saying that "the brutality latent in Maeterlinck's work was patent in the man," and offers

as evidence the information that "though outwardly shy, Maeterlinck was nonetheless a boxer of sufficient professional standing to challenge the redoubtable **Georges Carpentier** in the ring." All of which comes as a surprise to those who have struggled with the mysterious, not to say foggy, work of the author of *Pelée et Méliandre* and *The Blue Bird*—and no one is more surprised than the redoubtable Carpentier. "Maeterlinck certainly was outwardly shy," he recalled last week. "Also very reserved, very calm and an extremely nice person. He was surely not aggressive. I met him on the *Côte d'Azur* when I was young, at the beginning of my career. He took a liking to me and was a kind friend. No, he never challenged me to a contest in a ring or anywhere. We used to put on the gloves and have a little fun to amuse ourselves, but though he admired boxing, he had no ability."

✦ On a recent TV show in London, **Sean Connery** revealed that he once won a medal in a Mr. Universe competition. "It was in the class for Tall Men—Scotland," said Connery. "I was the only one in the class. The Scots are not very tall."

Narration of *Peter and The Wolf* has been done by such diverse personalities as **Leonard Bernstein**, **Boa Liffie**, **Boris Karloff** and **Captain Kangaroo**, but **Joe Garagiola**, working with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, still managed to give the musical fairy tale a whole new slant. Describing the climax of the piece, Joe said tensely, "The situation is the bottom of the ninth, and the wolf is coming up, followed by **Stan Musial** and **Red Schoendienst**." "The audience liked Joe's performance," wrote *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* critic **Connie Rosenbaum**. "They gave him long, warm applause." Especially those two well-known music lovers in the audience, **Stan Musial** and **Red Schoendienst**.



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meaning people in this country today who just don't see it that way. They think Mrs. O'Mara is confused by too much choice in the marketplace. Or, maybe, just not bright enough to choose among all those different cake mixes or 35 different kinds of cars. Reduce the choice, they say. Wouldn't four kinds of cake mix be enough? Scanderize the products. That will make shopping a lot quicker and easier for everybody.

The trouble is, who sets the standards? Not

Mrs. O'Mara. She may be a wizard with a bowl of honey but she hasn't a test tube to her name. So, the critics suggest, let the government do her shopping for her.

That's sympathetic of them but Mrs. O'Mara's very favorite cake is a plum-nut one—and that's apt to be the first to go when they start cutting back on choice. We hope yours is chocolate or vanilla because they stand a pretty good chance of surviving.

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Rocky road to the big time

After a year the ever-hopeful athletic bosses at the University of Detroit are still searching for a smooth route up by SANDY TREADWELL

A year ago the University of Detroit was anticipating the start of a glorious adventure. The Jesuit school had Spencer Haywood, Olympic hero, unpacked and settled in. Fred Shadrick and his 10-member athletic board expected the cash register would ring away the \$100,000 deficit in the athletic budget. Shadrick, who doubles as dean of student affairs and is, by his own admission, "visually oriented," smeared Memorial Building, where the Titans play their basketball, with fresh paint, colored the 9,600 seats red, white and blue and dressed the ushers in red vests and white bow ties. He hoped to bring Detroit's 8,000 students out of their athletic apathy and the city's 16,000 alumni back to the arena. All that was needed was a winning year from Haywood and company.

Well, there was not one, at least not against good opposition. The solution to the dilemma seemed simple enough to the athletic board: remove Bob Calihan as coach, give him a substantial raise and extend his present contract as athletic director to 15 years. But what followed was hardly a cakewalk. Some of the faculty, in fact, memorialized the situation with a new dance, the Shadrick Shuffle. "It's easy," a teacher said, "You take a step forward and fall flat on your face."

The board stumbled first with the defrocking of Calihan, a popular man locally after 21 years of coaching. There was no press conference or statement from the school. Next, the board passed over Calihan's logical successor, Will Robinson, an esteemed Detroit high school coach who as Haywood's legal guardian had sent him to Detroit and who, like the majority of the Titan team, is black. "Sure, Will is a fine man," said Shadrick. "But we wanted someone with a big-time college background, someone with national contacts."

The man chosen from 45 applicants was Don Haskins, coach at Texas El

Paso. He had led the Miners to the national championship in 1966, but his relationship with his five black starters was not always the smoothest. The Detroit press leapt at Haskins. "I think these people are prejudging me," he said after his first meeting with Detroit reporters. Later in the same day he said to Shadrick, "Fred, I'm afraid I've made a terrible mistake." Just 48 hours after Haskins was appointed coach, he quit.

Humiliated, but still searching for the big time, Shadrick turned next to Jim Harding, a man with a background as contentious as Haskins'. A ruthless driver, Harding shouts his athletes into respect. At LaSalle in 1968 he managed, with the approval of the athletic department, to have a player's scholarship revoked. An NCAA investigation followed, and LaSalle was put on probation for two years. Harding then coached the ABA's Minneapolis Pipers. He began by teaching the likes of Connie Hawkins the art of dribbling and pass catching. "The players will do what they are told or they may find another means of making a living," he said. In one quarter of one game he jumped off the bench 16 times and in another he drop-kicked a chair 30 feet while leading by 30 points. Harding's temper exploded professionally for the last time when he took a poke at the Pipers' chief stockholder. He was fired.

"We are not babes in the woods concerning Harding's background," said Shadrick, "but he's a great coach, a winner. He has won 80% of all the games he's coached. And anyway, I don't believe what I read in the papers."

Neither, or so it seemed for a while, did Spencer Haywood. As summer came, the superstar remained enrolled and Shadrick, greatly relieved, negotiated a national TV game with LaSalle—worth \$40,000—and four regional telecasts. Then one quiet Saturday afternoon in August there came a telephone call. "Fred," the voice at the other end said,

"Channel 7 says Spencer Haywood is in Denver signing a contract."

"You've got to be kidding," said Shadrick.

It was a case of no kidding. Haywood did sign with the Rockets, and life with Harding at Detroit has been anything but serene. The coach listened to, but did not heed, complaints by the team about hard three-hour practices, Sunday workouts and penalty laps. Six players quit, including the captain, Dwight Donlap, who said, "His yelling made the players jittery. Basketball was like working in a factory." At 9 o'clock on Thanksgiving morning Harding had his team on the floor preparing for the opener against Michigan. The Titans lost that one and six of their first eight games, usually before a handful of spectators. The cash registers have not been ringing.

In his office Fred Shadrick has a sign that reads, "Come on in, My Day Is Ruined Already." He sits behind his desk, pipe in hand, eyes sparkling, and says, "What happened to Fred Shadrick is funny. If I'd sat down and decided how best I could mess up my plan, I couldn't have done a better job. As Sam Johnson once said, 'The road to hell is paved with good intentions.'"

THE WEEK

by PETER CARRY

MIDWEST Calvin Coolidge was President the last time Oklahoma State's Henry Iba used a zone defense. Over the past 42 seasons Iba's teams have worked strictly man-to-man and this year, after the Cowboys won their first nine games, it hardly seemed likely that they would change. But suddenly, with his Cowboys trailing Kansas State 19-13 in the first half of an opening-round game in the Big Eight tournament at Kansas City, Iba shifted to a zone. That shocker almost brought victory to Oklahoma State, as K State won 51-49 on a steal and five points by Jerry Venable in the last 1:52. Said Iba, who will retire at the end of this season, "I never used a zone because I never had a bunch of midgets before. I've always played man-to-man because I thought I could do a better job with it. Tonight I didn't think so."

Kansas, which entered the tournament

with five consecutive wins and was picked to take the championship, was upset in the first round, losing to Oklahoma 68-64 in overtime after leading by 11 points with just under five minutes of regulation time remaining. Garfield Heard sparked the Sooners' comeback with a steal, the tying jump shot and a block of a Kansas layup in the closing moments. Preseason Big Eight favorite Colorado defeated Nebraska 72-60 behind Cliff Meely's 27 points.

Houston finished a holiday party with visitors from California by beating Long Beach State 76-69. The win made the Cougars four out of four over West Coast teams, including impressive victories over highly rated Santa Clara 91-76 and Southern Cal 77-73.

1. HOUSTON (8-0) 2. COLORADO (6-3)

WEST Portland's Far West "Classic" finished only its first round last week, yet it showed signs that it could become a tournament worthy of its self-proclaimed title. Three of the four opening games were close. Southern California and Washington went at it to determine who should rank as UCLA's toughest challenger in the Pacific Eight, and the Huskies came out ahead 90-86. George Irvine led the hot-shooting Huskies with a career high 41 points, including 16 of 20 from the floor. Washington's 66% accuracy, strangely, gave encouragement to Tremon Coach Bob Boyd. He figures that Washington will not be able to duplicate that effort once league play begins in January.

Also in that first round, Washington State, which had lost 85-76 to New Mexico earlier in the week for its only defeat, stopped unbeaten Illinois 59-58. Illini Greg Jackson led all scorers with 20 points, but the Cougars had better balance with four starters in double figures. Oregon, the Classic's defending champion, defeated Michigan State 87-82, even though it was the Spartans' sophomore Ralph Singleton who made the game special. "He's the best sophomore I can remember seeing, with the exception of Lew Alcindor," said Oregon Coach Steve Belko of the 6' 4" Simpson, who scored 40 points. "He's the closest thing to Oscar Robertson I've ever seen."

The West Coast got a look at LSU's Pete Maravich, and Maravich got an unpleasant view of UCLA. Both sides came away impressed. Maravich scored 38 while his Tigers lost 133-84 to the Bruins and then 46 more in a 76-68 victory over Oregon State. "Fabulous," said UCLA's Johnny Wooden of Pistol Pete. "They don't belong here. I think they should join the NBA," said Maravich of Wooden's team. The Bruins also defeated Georgia Tech 121-90.

Oregon State Coach Paul Valenti said be-

fore the Beavers' game against LSU, "We'll play Maravich one-on-one." The unlucky defenders assigned to guard Maravich harked him repeatedly. Two of them fouled out, and Maravich scored on 30 of 31 free throws. "We lost to the greatest basketball player in America," said Valenti after the game.

1. UCLA (8-0) 2. WASHINGTON (7-0)

EAST With South Carolina idle and North Carolina dallying to an unimpressive 99-87 victory over outclassed Rice, North Carolina State and Duke were the Atlantic Coast Conference teams taking the big wins. The undefeated and underrated Wolfpack increased its streak to eight games with victories of 76-70 over Vanderbilt, 75-51 over Alabama and 98-75 over Northwestern. Sophomores Paul Coder, a 6' 9" center, and Ed Leftwich, a 6' 5" guard, have joined with senior Vann Williford to pep up the once slow-down offense of Coach Norm Sloan. Coder dumped in 27 points against Vandy, and Williford scored 25 and 31 against the Clemson Tide and the Wildcats at Fayetteville, N.C.

Duke improved its record to 7-1, and Coach Backy Waters feels he is still just getting organized. "This is a different team than we were early in the year," he says. "We learned in a hurry we couldn't fre lance. We couldn't have Randy Denton moving out for those 10-foot shots he likes. When he does, there's no one to rebound and we lose our fast break." Denton, the Blue Devils' 6' 10" junior center, scored 31 points in under the basket as Duke defeated Wake Forest 98-90. Waters is not entirely pleased even yet. "We're satisfied with where we are but we can still play better."

Florida State and Jacksonville (page 18) both added victories. The Seminoles fought off a late Louisville challenge to win 79-69 and provide sweet revenge for Forward Willie Williams. Williams missed a last-second shot in a game against the Cardinals a year ago, and State lost. This time he scored 25 points and grabbed 12 rebounds.

St. Joseph's surprised Cincinnati 109-92 in the first round of New York's Holiday Festival, but the other openers went as predicted. Purdue defeated Manhattan 89-79 as Rick Mount, returning to the lineup after missing four games, scored 30 points. Penn stopped Boston College 86-65 and St. Bonaventure stunned NYU 107-60.

Columbia scored an opening-round victory in the Quaker City Tournament over Wake Forest 101-78. It was the Lorn's ninth straight and a celebration of sorts for Heyward Dotson. Dotson, a quick guard with an assertive personality, missed one game early in the season because he was involved

in interviews for a Rhodes scholarship. Back to basketball full-time against the Deacons, he celebrated the announcement that he would be going to Oxford by scoring 24 points.

The other Quaker City co-favorite, Villanova, won as opener 89-71 over Connecticut, but Cornell upset Brigham Young 68-62. The Big Red's victory was an assist for Columbia whose back players, including Dotson and All-America Jim McMillan, had secretly voted that if the Lions had to play BYU they would sit out the game in protest against Mormon racial policies.

1. S. CAROLINA (6-1) 2. JACKSONVILLE (8-0)

MIDEAST Kentucky, getting ready to play Notre Dame at Louisville's Freedom Hall last week, created so much excitement that 7,000 people turned out the morning before the game merely to watch the Wildcats practice. There was reason for the fervor. The Irish's Johnny Ooe, formerly coach of Alabama and a foremost needler of Adolph Rupp, is the only man to have beaten the Kentucky coach with teams from two different schools, and Notre Oume's 6-1 record nearly matched Kentucky's undefeated mark. The game lived up to expectations and then some as the Wildcats held on for a 102-100 win. Kentucky broke quickly to a 15-point lead, but then Notre Dame's Austin Carr, who finished the evening with 43 points, began to operate, hitting on 20 of 27 field goal attempts. Mike Pratt and Oon Isael, with 42 and 35 points, held the Wildcats together as the Irish missed three shots in the final 20 seconds.

Marquette picked up two of its three victories against teams from the struggling Big Ten, which has now lost 33 of 75 games against nonleague opponents. The Warriors' Dean Meminger scored 11 points during a 16-6 streak that helped quash Minnesota 67-51. Then, after dropping Delaware 99-71 in the opening round of the Milwaukee Classic, Marquette took the championship by defeating Wisconsin 64-43. The team's rough-and-tumble defense allowed the Badgers only 15 field goals.

Unbeaten Ohio University increased its streak to seven straight with a 92-80 victory over Fresno State, and no one is more surprised about the Bobcats' blazing beginning than Coach Jim Snyder. "I don't think I'm dreaming, but don't pinch me," he said after the Fresno win. "These kids have really surprised me with their aggressive play, and we've been getting great help from the bench. That's probably our secret—up until now."

1. KENTUCKY (7-0) 2. OHIO U. (7-0)

The fighting marine they named MacArthur

Completing the military background, Mac Foster's father was an Air Force career sergeant, but if none of that is likely to help him in the ring he can still boast of his record of 22 consecutive knockouts

If 22 knockouts in 22 fights mean anything—and they don't necessarily mean much, since the amiable Lamar Clark pulled up a record of 44 straight knockouts before someone named Bartolo Sosa carelessly belted him out one night in Ogden, Utah—then a big, power-laden former Marine sergeant named Mac Foster may have a rich future in the heavyweight division, which could use a little help. The future might even include the world championship.

The importance of Foster's knockouts is not so much their number as their quality. His left hook is deadening, his right is a caution. His job is dire punishment. His coolness under stress is worthy of his record as a Vietnam veteran with 14 major combat operations behind him. And he studies diligently to perfect a straight-up, ever-advancing style that no one so far has been able to resist for long. Only twice has he been forced to go as many as seven rounds.

Although Foster is scarcely known nationally, he soon will be. Madison Square Garden is interested in him, for the Frazier-Ellis card. So are other promoters. But as of now most of his fights have been in his home town, Fresno, Calif., to which Foster's parents brought him from Alexandria, La. when he was eight months old. In high school he showed signs of becoming a star in the shotput and discus throw, both abandoned when he joined the Marines in his senior year. With help from his manager, Pat DiFuria, whose last fighter of note was Wayne Thornton (now a radio announcer), and Pete Rekas, a promoter, Foster has made a prospering fight town of Fresno, a wealthy agricultural city of 162,500.

Mac's full name is MacArthur Foster. He was so christened by his father, a retired career Air Force sergeant and admiral of General Douglas MacArthur. That military flavor in his background is not the only thing that distinguishes Foster from the heavyweight he truly

dislikes, Muhammad Ali. He speaks softly and even though he carries a big fist, too, he has yet to be heard boasting. And this is not because of modesty but because his sense of personal dignity is involved in everything he does.

At 27 Mac Foster is probably the oldest young threat to the heavyweight title in many a year—a real Johnny-come-lately who did not begin to box until he was in the Marines in Japan and only began his professional career in 1966. But, as Pat DiFuria optimistically points out, Rocky Marciano did not get started until he was 24.

Foster's amateur record—17 knockouts in 21 fights—shows one loss, and that one controversial. But even more controversial is a knockout victory that never will be listed in Nat Fleischer's *Ring Record Book*. When Sonny Liston was preparing in Oakland, Calif. for his fight with Henry Clark, Foster was offered \$30 a workout and \$20 travel expenses to box with Liston. A meager sum it was, but DiFuria felt Foster could benefit by sparring with a man who might be a future opponent.

"So we went up there," DiFuria says, "and they worked the first round and it was pretty even. The second round, they started to work the same pace, and then all of a sudden Mac hit him with a left hook and Sonny sagged into the ropes. He sat on his butt almost. Mac just stood there looking at Sonny, and Gil Sanchez [Mac's trainer] told him, 'Keep working.' Mac walked up and hit Liston with a right hand and down he went on his knees. He got up, got spun around, backed up and started to pitch forward on his face. They grabbed him under the arms and took him to his corner. He was out."

Foster confirms this version, naturally, but convincingly, too, and adds some details. He and Dick Saddler, Liston's trainer, assisted the former champion to the corner.

"I was straining," Foster says, "be-

cause he had all his weight going forward. Saddler kept saying, 'He's O.K., he's O.K.' but I could see that, you know, that he wasn't. And when I turned him loose he fell down on one knee."

Dad Foster, even though they were wearing big 16-ounce training gloves, mean to hit Liston that hard?

Foster's reply is ambiguous. "This wasn't trying to see who could outdo who in the gym," he says, "because it was a thrill to me to have the honor to go down and train with a man of his status. So when Gil told me to keep working, you know, being a marine and disciplined, I walked right up and hit him again."

That is the Foster camp version of the knockout. Liston's entourage insists the big fellow was not hurt at all. But there were witnesses other than members of the two camps and they confirm it—Liston was knocked out.

Foster describes his start in boxing as "a little comical." This was 1963, in Japan. "They had boxing matches every week, so I went and was having a lot of fun, eating popcorn, and shouting things. You know how you kid around. 'Get the bum out of there! I could beat the bum with one hand!'

"One guy was a Navy first classman. So I put it to him, 'Oh, I'll beat you up tomorrow.' After the tournament I forgot about it. The following week there was a phone call for me down at the command post. The Navy guy was on the phone saying, 'Are you going to fight me tonight?' And I said, 'I'm no fighter. I was just joking.' So he said O.K. and hung up.

"My commander of the guard was there and he says, 'Corporal Foster, you are going to fight tonight. You are going to fight and you are going to win and I'm going to give you the next duty day off.' Wow! You know, a duty day off was a treat." He never had put on a pair of boxing gloves, but Foster agreed to the match. His opponent turned out



ADVERTISED BY HIS PRIVATE BUS, FOSTER ARRIVES FOR SECOND WILLIAMS FIGHT

to be not the Navy man he had challenged but an Army representative. "This guy," Foster continues, "was pretty good-sized, but I was more lean and trim than him. And in the Marine Corps we always have rugged physical training. No matter which post you go to you do strenuous exercise. You never have a relaxed duty like in the Army.

"The guy was a fairly crafty boxer," Foster says, "and he gave me a lot of respect until he saw the style I came out with. I didn't move, you know. I didn't know how. He started smiling. He moved around from here to there and he kept hitting me right on the forehead. The bell sounded and I was getting a little dizzy from getting hit. Everybody was laughing.

"In the second round he came out doing the same thing. So I put my head down and I throw an overhand left real hard. I felt it hit something. So I look up and I had caught him on the jaw and he was walking around in a daze. I drew back and hit him one more time and that was it. He was down."

Far more to the point than a wild punch in an amateur bout are the two

knockout victories Foster scored over Cleveland Williams, who, for all that he has seen better days, must still be rated as one of the supreme punchers in the heavyweight ranks. In their first fight, in Fresno last September, Williams ruptured one of Foster's eardrums with a solid blow, but Foster got to him in the fifth round and knocked him out.

Their next meeting was two months later in Houston, where Williams is still something of a draw. Foster won the first two rounds, landing lefts and rights with equal facility. Before the third round Williams was instructed by his corner that boxing was getting him nowhere and to use his only remaining weapon of substantial value—the left hook. At the bell he charged off his stool with a barrage of hooks and rights to the head and body and Foster was momentarily stunned—rather more than he likes to admit—by a hook that would have knocked out a lesser man.

Recovering quickly, Foster took charge once more with a hook that sent Williams down for a count of two. In a matter of seconds Williams was down again, this time while Referee Jimmy

Webb counted nine. And Williams was scarcely up once more when Foster bludgeoned him back to the canvas. On the three-knockdown rule, the fight was over. It would have been over in any case because Williams was flat on his back and out.

"He come in for the kill and he got killed," Foster explained on his way back to the dressing room. There an admirer, eyes shining with esteem, said of Foster: "When he's hit, he retaliates."

There is a relationship between Foster and Pat DiFuria that does not always exist between fighter and manager. They respect each other. DiFuria glows as he describes Foster's dedication to the tough training regimen he has prescribed. "He doesn't drink or smoke and he's no chaser," says DiFuria. "He's at the gym every night at 6 o'clock for his workout and he's out on the road every morning at 5."

Foster attributes a good deal of his dedication to the disciplines he learned as a marine. "After you've been knocked down a few times in those boot camp days," he says, "you learn to do what you're told. They don't have to tell you in a loud voice."

Naturally, he would like to fight Muhammad Ali and, in fact, he and DiFuria and Rokas have been putting on a premature campaign to get such a fight. At this stage it is pure ballyhoo, but it would make an elegant grudge match. Foster's voice lowers to a growl when he recalls a remark Ali is said to have made, as reported in *The Stars and Stripes*. "Clay didn't want to go in service," Foster sums up. "Well, that's fine. But there's one thing he said that irritated me real bad. He said it takes more courage to face a man in the ring than to face bullets. Me and my sergeant, you know, we talked a lot. He says, 'I would like to see that guy face a 100-pound Viet Cong with a submachine gun and we'd see how much courage he really has.'"

"I'm going to whip that guy. Just before I got out of service, before I ever turned pro, I said I'm going all the way to the top, regardless. I wanted to fight Clay real bad and I never wanted it from my mind." This Marine mountain dreams of moving to Muhammad. **END**

CARROT FOR A CHESTNUT

BY DICK FRANCIS

What could be more innocent than a jockey's postmidnight snack for a champion racehorse? One of Britain's foremost writers of mystery fiction shows how even a vegetarian diet has room for treachery

Chick stood and sweated with the carrot in his hand. His head seemed to be floating and he couldn't feel his feet on the ground, and the pulse thudded massively in his ear. A clammy green pain shivered in his gut.

Treachery was making him sick.

The time: 50 minutes before sunrise. The morning: cold. The raw swirling wind was clearing its throat for a fiercer blow, and a heavy layer of nimbostatus was fighting every inch of the way against the hint of light. In the neat box stalls round the stable yard the dozing horses struck a random hoof against a wooden wall, rattled a tethering chain, sneezed the hay dust out of a moist black nostril.

Chick was late. Two hours late. He'd been told to give the carrot to the lanky

chestnut at 4 o'clock in the morning, but at 4 o'clock in the morning it had been pouring

with rain—hard, slanting rain that soaked a man to the skin in one minute flat, and Chick had reckoned it would be too difficult explaining away a soaking at 4 o'clock in the morning. Chick had reckoned it would be better to wait until the rain stopped, it couldn't make any difference. Four o'clock, 6 o'clock, what the hell. Chick always knew better than anyone else.

Chick was a thin, disgruntled 19-year-old who always felt the world owed him more than he got. He had been a bad-tempered, argumentative child and an aggressively rebellious adolescent. The resulting snarling habit of mind was precisely what was now hindering his success as an adult. Not that Chick would have agreed, of course. Chick never agreed with anyone if he could help it. Always knew better, did Chick.

He was unprepared for the severity of the physical symptoms of fear. His usual attitude toward any form of authority was scorn (and authority had not so far actually belted him one across his sulky mouth). Horses had never scared him because he had been born

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUGLAS GOSLINE



Check was a volatile mixture of insolence, self-delusion and fear.

to the saddle and had grown up mastering everything on four legs with contemptuous ease. He believed in his heart that no one could really ride better than he could. He was wrong.

He looked apprehensively over his shoulder, and the shifting pain in his stomach sharply intensified. That simply couldn't happen, he thought wildly. He'd heard about people getting sick with fear. He hadn't believed it. It couldn't happen. Now, all of a sudden, he feared it could. He tightened all his muscles desperately, and the spasm slowly passed. It left fresh sweat standing out all over his skin and no saliva in his mouth.

The house was dark. Upstairs, behind the black open window with the pale curtain flapping in the spartan air, slept Arthur Morrison, trainer of the 43 racehorses in the stables below. Morrison habitually slept lightly. His ears were sharper than half a dozen guard dogs', his stable hands said.

Chuck forced himself to turn his head away, to walk in view of that window, to take the 10 exposed steps down to the chestnut's stall.

If the gunner woke up and saw him. . . . Gawd, he thought furiously, he hadn't expected it to be like this. Just a lousy walk down the yard to give a carrot to the gangly chestnut. Guilt and fear and treachery. They bypassed his sneering mind and erupted through his nerves instead.

He couldn't see anything wrong with the carrot. It hadn't been cut in half and hollowed out and packed with drugs and tied together again. He'd tried pulling the thick end out like a plug, and that hadn't worked either. The carrot just looked like any old carrot, any old carrot you'd watch your ma chop up to put in a stew. Any old carrot you'd give to any old horse. Not a very young, succulent carrot or a very aged carrot, knotted and woody. Just any old ordinary carrot.

But strangers didn't proposition you to give any old carrot to one special horse in the middle of the night. They didn't give you more than you earned in half a year when you said you'd do

it. Any old carrot didn't come wrapped carefully alone in a polythene bag inside an empty cheese-cracker packet, given to you by a stranger in a car park after dark in a town six miles from the stables. You didn't give any old carrot in the middle of the night to a chestnut who was due to start favorite in a high-class steeplechase 11 hours later.

Chick was getting dizzy with holding his breath by the time he'd completed the 10 tiptoed steps to the chestnut's stall. Trying not to cough, not to groan, not to let out the strangling tension in a sob, he curled his sweating fingers around the bolt and began the job of easing it out, inch by frightening inch, from its socket.

By day he slammed the bolts open and shut with a smart practiced flick. His body shook in the darkness with the strain of moving by fractions.

The bolt came free with the tiniest of grating noises, and the top half of the split door swung slowly outward. No squeaks from the hinges, only the whisper of metal on metal. Chick drew in a long breath like a painful, trickling, smothered gasp and let it out between his clenched teeth. His stomach lurched again, threateningly. He took another quick, appalled grip on himself and thrust his arm in a panic through the dark, open space.

Inside the stall, the chestnut was asleep, dozing on his feet. The changing swirl of air from the opening door moved the sensitive hairs around his



The chestnut took the carrot indifferently.

muzzle and raised his mental state from semiconsciousness to inquisitiveness. He could smell the carrot. He could also smell the man: smell the fear in the man's sweat.

"Come on," Chick whispered desperately. "Come on, then, boy."

The horse moved his nose around toward the carrot and finally, reluctantly, his feet. He took it indifferently from the man's trembling palm, whiffing it in with his black mobile lips, serunching it languidly with large rotations of jaw. When he had swallowed all the pulped-up bits he poked his muzzle forward for more. But there was no more, just the lighter square of sky darkening again as the door swung shut, just the faint sounds of the bolt going back, just the fading smell of the man and the passing taste of carrot. Presently he forgot about it and turned slowly round again so that his hindquarters were toward the door, because he usually stood that way, and after a minute or two he blinked slowly, rested his near hind leg lazily on the point of the hoof and lapsed back into twilight mindlessness.

Down in his stomach the liquid narcotic compound with which the carrot had been injected to saturation gradually filtered out of the digesting carrot cells and began to be absorbed into the bloodstream. The process was slow and progressive. And it had started two hours late.

Arthur Morrison stood in his stable yard watching his men load the chestnut into the motor horse box that was to take him to the races. He was eyeing the proceedings with an expression that was critical from habit and bore little relation to the satisfaction in his mind. The chestnut was the best horse in his stable: a frequent winner, popular with the public, a source of prestige as well as revenue. The big steeplechase at Cheltenham had been tailor-made for him from the day its conditions had been published, and Morrison was adept at producing a horse in peak condition for a particular race. No one seriously considered that the chestnut would be beaten. The news-

papers had tipped it to a man, and the bookmakers were fighting shy at 6 to 4 on. Morrison allowed himself a glimmer of warmth in the eyes and a twitch of smile to the lips as the men clipped shut the heavy doors of the horse van and drove it out of the yard.

These physical signs were unusual. The face he normally wore was a compound of concentration and disapproval in roughly equal proportions. Both qualities contributed considerably to his success as a racehorse trainer and to his unpopularity as a person, a fact Morrison himself was well aware of. He didn't in the least care that almost no one liked him. He valued success and respect much more highly than love and held in incredulous contempt all those who did not.

Across the yard Chick was watching the horse van drive away, his usual scowl in place. Morrison frowned irritably. The boy was a pest, he thought. Always grousing, always impertinent, always trying to scrounge up more money. Morrison didn't believe in boys having life made too easy: a little hardship was good for the soul. Where Morrison and Chick radically differed was the point at which each thought hardship began.

Chick spotted the frown and watched Morrison fearfully, his guilt pressing on him like a rock. He couldn't know, he thought frantically. He couldn't even suspect there was anything wrong with the horse or he wouldn't have let him go off to the races. The horse had looked all right, too. Absolutely his normal self. Perhaps there had been nothing wrong with the carrot. . . . Perhaps it had been the wrong carrot, even. . . . Chick glanced around uneasily and knew very well he was fooling himself. The horse might look all right but he wasn't.

Arthur Morrison saddled up his horse at the races, and Chick watched him from 10 nervous paces away, trying to hide in the eager crowd that pushed forward for a close view of the favorite. There was a larger admiring crowd outside the chestnut's saddling stall than for any of the other seven runners, and

the bookmakers had shortened their odds.

Behind Morrison's concentrated expression an itch of worry was growing insistent. He pulled the girth tight and adjusted the buckles automatically, acknowledging to himself that his former satisfaction had changed to anxiety. The horse was not himself. There were no lively stamping feet, no playful nips from the teeth, no response to the crowd; this was a horse that usually played to the public like a film star. He couldn't be feeling well, and if he wasn't feeling well he wouldn't win. Morrison tightened his mouth. If the horse were not well enough to win, he would prefer him not to run at all. To be beaten at odds-on would be a disgrace. A defeat on too large a scale. A loss of face. Particularly as Morrison's own eldest son Toddy was to be the jockey. The newspapers would tear them both to pieces.

Morrison came to a decision and sent for the vet.

The rules of jump racing in England stated quite clearly that if a horse had been declared a runner in a race, only the say-so of a veterinarian was sufficient grounds for withdrawing him during the last three-quarters of an hour before post time. The Cheltenham racecourse veterinarian came and looked at the chestnut and, after consulting with Morrison, led it off to a more private stall and took its temperature.

"His temperature's normal," the veterinarian assured Morrison.

"I don't like the look of him."

"I can't find anything wrong."

"He's not well," Morrison insisted.

The veterinarian pursed his lips and shook his head. There was nothing obviously wrong with the horse, and he knew he would be in trouble himself if he allowed Morrison to withdraw so hot a favorite on such slender grounds. Not only that, this was the third application for withdrawal he'd had to consider that afternoon. He had refused both the others, and the chestnut was certainly in no worse a state.

"He'll have to run," the veterinarian said positively, making up his mind.

continued

Morrison was furious and went raging off to find a steward, who came and looked at the chestnut and listened to the vet and confirmed that the horse would have to run whether Morrison liked it or not. Unless, that was, Morrison cared to involve the horse's absent owner in paying a heavy fine?

With a face of granite Morrison resettled the chestnut, and a stable lad led him out into the parade ring, where most of the waiting public cheered and a few wiser ones looked closely and hurried off to hedge their bets.

With a shiver of dismay, Chick saw the horse reappear and for the first time regretted what he'd done. That stupid vet, he thought violently. He can't see what's under his bloody nose, he couldn't see a barn at 10 paces. Anything that happened from then on was the vet's fault, Chick thought. The vet's responsibility, absolutely. The man was a criminal menace, letting a horse run in a steeplechase with dope coming out of its eyeballs.

Toddy Morrison had joined his father in the parade ring and together they were watching with worried expressions as the chestnut plodded lethargically around the oval walking track. Toddy was a strong, stocky professional jockey in his late 20s with an infectious grin and a generous view of life that represented a direct rejection of his father's. He had inherited the same strength of mind but had used it to leave home at 18 to ride races for other trainers, and had only consented to ride for his father when he could dictate his own terms. Arthur Morrison, in consequence, respected him deeply. Between them they had won a lot of races.

Chick didn't actually dislike Toddy Morrison, even though, as he saw it, Toddy stood in his way. Occasionally Arthur let Chick ride a race if Toddy had something better or couldn't make the weight. Chick had to share these scraps from Toddy's table with two or three other lads in the yard who were, though he didn't believe it, as good as he was in the saddle. But though the envy curled around inside him and the snide remarks came out sharp and sour

as vinegar, he had never actually come to hate Toddy. There was something about Toddy that you couldn't hate, however good the reason. Chick hadn't given a thought to the fact that it would be Toddy who would have to deal with the effects of the carrot. He had seen no farther than his own pocket. He wished now that it had been some other jockey. Anyone but Toddy.

The conviction suddenly crystallized in Chick's mind as he looked at Toddy and Morrison standing there worried in the parade ring that he had never believed the chestnut would actually start in the race. The stranger, Chick said to himself, had distinctly told him the horse would be too sick to start. I wouldn't have done it, else, Chick thought virtuously. I wouldn't have done it. It's bloody dangerous, riding a doped steeplechaser. I wouldn't have done that to Toddy. It's not my fault he's going to ride a doped steeplechaser, it's that vet's fault for not seeing. It's that stranger's fault, he told me distinctly the horse wouldn't be fit to start. . . .

Chick remembered with an unpleasant jerk that he'd been two hours late with the carrot. Maybe if he'd been on time the drug would have come out more and the vet would have seen. . . .

Chick jettisoned this unbearable theory instantly on the grounds that no one can tell how seriously any particular horse will react to a drug or how quickly it will work, and he repeated to himself the comforting self-delusion that the stranger had promised him the horse wouldn't ever start—though the stranger had not in fact said any such thing. The stranger, who was at the races, was entirely satisfied with the way things were going and was on the point of making a great deal of money.

The bell rang for the jockeys to mount. Chick clenched his hands in his pockets and tried not to visualize what could happen to a rider going over jumps at 30 miles an hour on a doped horse. Chick's body began playing him tricks again: he could feel the sweat prickling down his back and the pulse had come back in his ears.

Supposing he told them, he thought. Supposing he just ran out there into the ring and told Toddy not to ride the horse, it hadn't a chance of jumping properly, it was certain to fall, it could kill him bloody easily because his reactions would be all shot to bits.

Supposing he did. The way they'd look at him. His imagination blew a fuse and blanked out on that picture because such a blast of contempt didn't fit in with his overgrown self-esteem. He could not, could not face the fury they would feel. And it might not end there. Even if he told them and saved Toddy's life, they might tell the police. He wouldn't put it past them. And he could end up in the dock. Even in jail. They weren't going to do that to him, not to him. He wasn't going to give them the chance. He should have been paid more. Paid more because he was worth more. If he'd been paid more, he wouldn't have needed to take the stranger's money. Arthur Morrison had only himself to blame.

Toddy would have to risk it. After all, the horse didn't look too bad, and the vet had passed it, hadn't he, and maybe the carrot being two hours late was all to the good and it wouldn't have done its work properly yet, and in fact it was really thanks to Chick if it hadn't; only thanks to him that the drug was two hours late and that nothing much would happen, really, anyway. Nothing much would happen. Maybe the chestnut wouldn't actually win, but Toddy would come through all right. Of course he would.

The jockeys swung up into their saddles, Toddy among them. He saw Chick in the crowd, watching, and sketched an acknowledging wave. The urge to tell and the fear of telling tore Chick apart like the Chinese trees.

Toddy gathered up the reins and clicked his tongue and steered the chestnut indecisively out onto the track. He was disappointed that the horse wasn't feeling well but not in the least apprehensive. It hadn't occurred to him, or to Arthur Morrison, that the horse might be doped. He cantered down to the post standing in his stirrups, replanning his

tactics mentally now that he couldn't rely on reserves in his mount. It would be a difficult race now to win. Pity.

Chick watched him go. He hadn't come to his decision, to tell or not to tell. The moment simply passed him by. When Toddy had gone he unstuck his leaden feet and plodded off to the stands to watch the race, and in every corner of his mind little self-justifications sprang up like nettles. A feeling of shame tried to creep in round the edges, but he kicked it out smartly. They should have paid him more. It was their fault, not his.

He thought about the wad of notes the stranger had given him with the carrot. Money in advance. The stranger had trusted him, which was more than most people seemed to. He'd locked himself into the bathroom and counted the notes, counted them twice, and they were all there, £300 just as the stranger had promised. He had never had so much money all at once in his life before. . . . Perhaps he never would again, he thought. And if he'd told Arthur Morrison and Toddy about the dope, he would have to give up that money, give up the money and more. . . .

Finding somewhere to hide the money had given him difficulty. Three hundred used (£1) notes had turned out to be quite bulky, and he didn't want to risk his ma poking around among his things, like she did, and coming across them. He'd solved the problem temporarily by rolling them up and putting them in a brightly colored round tin which once held toffees but which he used for years for storing brushes and polish for cleaning his shoes. He had covered the money with a duster and jammed the brushes back in on top and put the tin back on the shelf in his bedroom where it always stood. He thought he would probably have to find somewhere safer, in the end. And he'd have to be careful how he spent the money—there would be too many questions asked if he just went out and bought a car. He'd always wanted a car . . . and now he had the money for one . . . and he still couldn't get the car. It wasn't fair. Not

continued



The name Alexander McGran lent Buskins a touch of class but no integrity.



Chick watched helplessly from the stands as the sickening consequences of his act unfolded.



fair at all. If they'd paid him more. . . .
Enough for a car. . . .

Up on the well-positioned area of stands set aside for trainers and jockeys, a small man with hot dark eyes put his hand on Chick's arm and spoke to him, though it was several seconds before Chick started to listen.

"... I see you are here, and you're free, so will you ride it?"

"What?" said Chick vaguely.

"My horse in the Novice Hurdle," said the little man impatiently. "Of course, if you don't want to. . . ."

"Didn't say that," Chick mumbled. "Ask the gunner. If he says I can, well, I can."

The small trainer walked across the stand to where Arthur Morrison was watching the chestnut intently through the race glasses and asked the same question he'd put to Chick.

"Chick? Yes, he can ride it for you, if you want him," Morrison gave the other trainer two full seconds of his attention and glued himself back onto his race glasses.

"My jockey was hurt in a fall in the first race," explained the small man. "There are so many runners in the Novice Hurdle that there's a shortage of jockeys. I just saw that boy of yours, so I asked him on the spur of the moment, see?"

"Yes, yes," said Morrison, 90% uninterested. "He's moderately capable, but don't expect too much of him." There was no spring in the chestnut's stride. Morrison wondered in depression if he was sickening for the cough.

"My horse won't win. Just out for experience you might say."

"Yes. Well, fix it with Chick." Several other stables had the coughing epidemic, Morrison thought. The chestnut couldn't have picked a worse day to catch it.

Chick, who would normally have welcomed the offer of a ride with condescending complacency, was so preoccupied that the small trainer regretted having asked him. Chick's whole attention was riveted on the chestnut, who seemed to be lining up satisfactorily at the start-

continued

ing tape. Nothing wrong, Chick assured himself. Everything was going to be all right. Of course it was. Stupid getting into such a state.

The start was down the track to the left, with two fences to be jumped before the horses came past the stands and swung away again on the left-hand circuit. As it was a jumping race, they were using tapes instead of stalls, and as there was no draw either, Toddy had lined up against the inside rails, ready to take the shortest way home.

Down in the bookmakers' enclosure they were offering more generous odds now and some had gone boldly to evens. The chestnut had cantered past them on his way to the start looking not his brightest and best. The bookmakers in consequence were feeling more hopeful. They had expected a bad day, but if the chestnut lost, they would profit. One of them would profit terrifically—just as he would lose terrifically if the chestnut won.

Alexander McGrath (Est. 1898), real name Harry Buskins, had done this sort of thing once or twice before. He spread out his fingers and looked at them admiringly. Not a tremble in sight. And there was always a risk in these things that the boy he'd belied would get cold feet at the last minute and not go through with the job. Always a gamble, it was. But this time, this boy, he was pretty sure of. You couldn't go wrong if you sorted out a vain little so-and-so with a big grudge. Knockovers, that sort were. Every time.

Harry Buskins was a shrewd middle-aged East End Londoner for whom there had never been any clear demarcation between right and wrong and a man who thought that if you could rig a nice little swindle now and then, well, why not? The turnover tax was killing betting . . . you had to make a quick buck where you could . . . and there was nothing quite as sure or quick as raking in the dough on a red-hot favorite and knowing for certain that you weren't going to have to pay out.

Down at the post the starter put his hand on the lever and the tapes went

up with a rush. Toddy kicked his chestnut smartly in the ribs. From his acie on top of the stand the commentator moved smartly into his spiel, "They're off, and the first to show is the gray. . . ." Arthur Morrison and Chick watched with hearts thumping from different sorts of anxiety, and Harry Buskins shut his eyes and prayed.

Toddy drove forward at once into the first three, the chestnut beneath him galloping strongly, pulling at the bit, thudding his hooves into the ground. He seemed to be going well enough, Toddy thought. Strong. Like a train.

The first fence lay only 100 yards ahead now, coming nearer. With a practiced eye Toddy measured the distance, knew the chestnut's stride would meet it right, collected himself for the spring and gave the horse the signal to take off. There was no response. Nothing. The chestnut made no attempt to bunch his muscles, no attempt to gather himself onto his haunches, no attempt to waver or slow down or take any avoiding action whatsoever. For one incredulous second Toddy knew he was facing complete and imminent disaster.

The chestnut galloped straight into the three-foot-thick, chest-high solid birch fence with an impact that brought a groan of horror from the stands. He turned a somersault over the fence with a flurry of thrashing legs, threw Toddy off in front of him and fell down on top and rolled over him.

Chick felt as if the world were turning gray. The colors drained out of everything and he was halfway to fainting. Oh God, he thought. Oh God. Toddy.

The chestnut scrambled to his feet and galloped away. He followed the other horses toward the second fence, stretching out into a relentless stride, into a full-fledged thundering racing pace.

He hit the second fence as straight and hard as the first. The crowd gasped and cried out. Again the somersault, the spread-eagled legs, the crashing fall, the instant recovery. The chestnut surged up again and galloped on.

He came up past the stands, moving

inexorably, the stirrups swinging out from the empty saddle, flecks of foam flying back now from his mouth, great dark patches of sweat staining his flanks. Where the track curved round to the left, the chestnut raced straight on. Straight on across the curve, to crash into the rail around the outside of the track. He took the solid timber across the chest and broke it in two. Again he fell in a thrashing heap and again he rocked to his feet. But this time not to gallop away. This time he took three painful limping steps and stood still.

Back at the fence Toddy lay on the ground with first-aid men bending over him anxiously. Arthur Morrison ran down from the stands toward the track and didn't know which way to turn first, to his son or his horse. Chick's legs gave way and he sagged down in a daze onto the concrete steps. And down in the bookmakers' enclosure Harry Buskins' first reaction of delight was soured by wondering whether, if Toddy Morrison were badly injured, that stupid boy Chick would be scared enough to keep his mouth shut.

Arthur Morrison turned toward his son. Toddy had been knocked unconscious by the fall and had had all the breath squeezed out of him by the chestnut's weight, but by the time his father was within 100 yards he was beginning to come round. As soon as Arthur saw the supine figure move, he turned brusquely round and hurried off toward the horse: it would never do to show Toddy the concern he felt. Toddy would not respect him for it, he thought.

The chestnut stood patiently by the smashed rail, only dimly aware of the dull discomfort in the foreleg that wouldn't take his weight. Arthur Morrison and the veterinarian arrived beside him at the same time, and Arthur Morrison glared at the vet.

"You said he was fit to run. The owner is going to hit the roof when he hears about it," Morrison tried to keep a grip on a growing internal fury at the injustice of fate. The chestnut wasn't just any horse—it was the best he'd ever trained, had hoisted him higher up the

stakes-won list than he was ever likely to go again.

"Well, he seemed all right," said the vet defensively.

"I want a dope test done," Morrison said truculently.

"He's broken his shoulder. He'll have to be put down."

"I know. I've got eyes. All the same, I want a dope test first. Just being ill wouldn't have made him act like that."

The veterinarian reluctantly agreed to take a blood sample, and after that he fitted the bolt into the humane killer and shot it into the chestnut's drug-dazed brain. The best horse in Arthur Morrison's stable became only a name in the record books. The digested carcase was dragged away with the carcasses but its damage was by no means spent.

It took Chuck 15 minutes to realize that it was Toddy who was alive and the horse that was dead, during which time he felt physically ill and mentally pulverized. It had seemed so small a thing, in the beginning, to give a carrot to the chestnut. He hadn't thought of it affecting him much. He'd never dreamed anything like that could make you really sick.

Once he found that Toddy had broken no bones, had recovered consciousness and would be on his feet in an hour or two, the bulk of his physical symptoms receded. When the small trainer appeared at his elbow to remind him sharply that he should be inside changing into colors to ride in the Novice Hurdle race, he felt fit enough to go and do it, though he wished in a way that he hadn't said he would.

In the changing room he forgot to tell his valet he needed a lightweight saddle and that the trainer had asked for a breast girth. He forgot to tie the stock round his neck and would have gone out to ride with the ends flapping. He forgot to take his watch off. His valet pointed everything out and thought that the jockey looked drunk.

The novice hurdler Chick was to ride wouldn't have finished within a mile of the chestnut if he'd started the day before. Young, green, sketchily schooled,

he hadn't even the virtue of a gold streak waiting to be mined: this was one destined to run in the rack until the owner tired of trying. Chuck hadn't bothered to find out. He'd been much too pre-occupied to look in the form book, where a consistent row of naughts might have made him cautious. As it was, he mounted the horse without attention and didn't listen to the riding orders the small trainer insistently gave him. As usual, he thought he knew better. Play it off the cuff, he thought scrappily. Play it off the cuff. How could he listen to fussy little instructions with all that he had on his mind?

On his way out from the weighing room he passed Arthur Morrison, who cast an inattentive eye over his racing colors and said, "Oh yes . . . well, don't make too much of a mess of it . . ."

Morrison was still thinking about the difference the chestnut's death was going to make to his fortunes and he didn't notice the spasm of irritation that twisted Chick's petulant face.

There he goes, Chuck thought. That's typical. Typical. Never thinks I can do a bloody thing. If he'd given me more chances . . . and more money . . . I wouldn't have given. . . . Well, I wouldn't have. He cantered down to the post, concentrating on resenting that remark, "don't make too much of a mess of it," because it made him feel justified, obscurely, for having done what he'd done. The abyss of remorse opening beneath him was too painful. He clutched at every lie to keep himself out.

Harry Buskins had noticed that Chick had an unexpected mount in the Novice Hurdle and concluded that he himself was safe, the boy wasn't going to crack. All the same, he had shut his bag over his swollen takings and left his pitch for the day and gone home, explaining to his colleagues that he didn't feel well. And in truth he didn't. He couldn't get out of his mind the sight of the chestnut charging at those fences as if he couldn't see. Blind, the horse had been. A great racer who knew he was on a racetrack starting a race. Didn't understand there was anything wrong with

him. Galloped because he was asked to gallop, because he knew it was the right place for it. A great horse, with a great racing heart.

Harry Buskins mopped the sweat off his forehead. They were bound to have tested the horse for dope, he thought, after something like that. None of the others he'd done in the past had reacted that way. Maybe he'd got the dose wrong or the timing wrong. You never knew how individual horses would be affected. Doping was always a bit unpredictable.

He poured himself half a tumbler of whiskey with fingers that were shaking after all, and when he felt calmer he decided that if he got away with it this time he would be satisfied with the clean-up he'd made, and he wouldn't fool around with any more carcases. He just wouldn't risk it again.

Chick lined up at the starting post in the center of the field, even though the trainer had advised him to start on the outside to give the inexperienced horse an easy passage over the first few hurdles. Chick didn't remember this instruction because he hadn't listened, and even if he had listened he would have done the same, driven by his habitual compulsion to disagree. He was thinking about Toddy lining up on this spot an hour ago, not knowing that his horse wouldn't see the jumps. Chick hadn't known dope could make a horse blind. How could anyone expect that? It didn't make sense. Perhaps it was just that the dope had confused the chestnut so much that although its eyes saw the fence, the message didn't get through that he was supposed to jump over it. The chestnut couldn't have been really blind.

Chick sweated at the thought and forgot to check that the girths were still tight after cantering down to the post. His mind was still on the inward horror when the starter let the tapes up, so that he was caught unawares and flat-footed and got away slowly. The small trainer on the stand clicked his mouth in annoyance, and Arthur Morrison raised his eyes to heaven.

The first hurdle lay side-by-side with

continued



His thought as he flew awkwardly forward was how stupidly the horse had been trained.

the first fence, and all the way to it Chick was illogically scared that his horse wouldn't rise to it. He spent the attention he should have given to setting his horse right in desperately trying to convince himself that no one could have given it a carrot. He couldn't be riding a doped horse himself . . . it wouldn't be fair. Why wouldn't it be fair? Because . . . because . . .

The hurdler scrambled over the jump, knocked himself hard on the timber frame, and landed almost at a standstill. The small trainer began to curse.

Chick tightened one loose rein and then the other, and the hurdler swung to and fro in wavering indecision. He needed to be ridden with care and confidence and to be taught balance and rhythm. He needed to be set right before the jumps and to be quickly collected afterward. He lacked experience, he lacked judgment and he badly need-

ed a jockey who could contribute both.

Chick could have made a reasonable job of it if he'd been trying. Instead, with nausea and mental exhaustion draining what skill he had out of his muscles, he was busy proving that he'd never be much good.

At the second fence he saw in his mind's eye the chestnut somersaulting through the air, and going round the bend his gaze wavered across to the broken rail and the scuffed-up patches of turf in front of it. The chestnut had died there. Everyone in the stable would be poorer for it. He had killed the chestnut, there was no avoiding it anymore, he'd killed it with that carrot as surely as if he'd shot the bolt himself. Chick sobbed suddenly, and his eyes filled with tears.

He didn't see the next two hurdles. They passed beneath him in a flying blur. He stayed on his horse by instinct, and

the tears ran down and were swept away as they trickled under the edge of his jockey's goggles.

The green hurdler was frightened and rudderless. Another jump lay close ahead, and the horses in front went clattering through it, knocking one section half over and leaving it there at an angle. The hurdler waited until the last minute for help or instructions from the man on his back and then in a muddled way dived for the leaning section, which looked lower to him and easier to jump than the other end.

From the stands it was clear to both the small trainer and Arthur Morrison that Chick had made no attempt to keep straight or to tell the horse when to take off. It landed with its forefeet tangled up in the sloping hurdle and catapulted Chick off over its head.

The instinct of self-preservation which should have made Chick curl into a roll-

ing ball wasn't working. He fell through the air flat and straight, and his last thought before he hit was that that stupid little sod of a trainer hadn't schooled his horse properly. The animal hadn't a clue how to jump.

He woke up a long time later in a high bed in a small room. There was a dim light burning somewhere. He could feel no pain. He could feel nothing at all. His mind seemed to be floating in his head and his head was floating in space.

After a long time he began to believe that he was dead. He took the thought calmly and was proud of himself for his calm. A long time after that he began to realize that he wasn't dead. There was some sort of casing round his head, holding it cushioned. He couldn't move.

He blinked his eyes consciously and licked his lips to make sure that they at least were working. He couldn't think what had happened. His thoughts were a confused but peaceful fog.

Finally he remembered the carrot, and the whole complicated agony washed back into his consciousness. He cried out in protest and tried to move, to get up and away, to escape the impossible, unbearable guilt. People heard his voice and came into the room and stood around him. He looked at them uncomprehendingly. They were dressed in white.

"You're all right, now," they said. "Don't worry, young man, you're going to be all right."

"I can't move," he protested.

"You will," they said soothingly.

"I can't feel . . . anything. I can't feel my feet." The panic rose suddenly in his voice. "I can't feel my hands. I can't . . . move . . . my hands." He was shouting, frightened, his eyes wide and stretched.

"Don't worry," they said. "You will in time. You're going to be all right. You're going to be all right."

He didn't believe them, and they pumped a sedative into his arm to quiet him. He couldn't feel the prick of the needle. He heard himself screaming because he could feel no pain.

When he woke up again he knew for certain that he'd broken his neck.

After four days Arthur Morrison came to see him, bringing six new-laid eggs and a bottle of fresh orange juice. He stood looking down at the immobile body with the plaster cast round its shoulders and head.

"Well, Chick," he said awkwardly. "It's not as bad as it could have been, eh?"

Chick said rudely, "I'm glad you think so."

"They say your spinal cord isn't severed, it's just crushed. They say in a year or so you'll get a lot of movement back. And they say you'll begin to feel things any day now."

"They say," said Chick sneeringly. "I don't believe them."

"You'll have to, in time," said Morrison impatiently.

Chick didn't answer, and Arthur Morrison cast uncomfortably around in his mind for something to say to pass away the minutes until he could decently leave. He couldn't visit the boy and just stand there in silence. He had to say *something*. So he began to talk about what was uppermost in his mind.

"We had the result of the dope test this morning. Did you know we had the chestnut tested? Well, you know we had to have it put down anyway. The results came this morning. They were positive. . . . *Positive*. The chestnut was full of some sort of narcotic drug, some long name. The owner is kicking up hell about it and so is the insurance company. They're trying to say it's my fault. My security arrangements aren't tight enough. It's ridiculous. And all this on top of losing the horse itself, losing that really great horse. I questioned everyone in the stable this morning as soon as I knew about the dope, but of course no one knew anything. God, if I knew who did it I'd strangle him myself." His voice shook with the fury which had been consuming him all day.

It occurred to him at this point that Chick being Chick, he would be exclusively concerned with his own state and wouldn't care a damn for anyone else's

troubles. Arthur Morrison sighed deeply. Chick did have his own troubles now, right enough. He couldn't be expected to care all that much about the chestnut. And he was looking very weak, very pale.

The doctor who checked on Chick's condition 10 times a day came quietly into the small room and shook hands with Morrison.

"He's doing well," he said. "Getting on splendidly."

"Nuts," Chick said.

The doctor twisted his lips. He didn't say he had found Chick the worst-tempered patient in the hospital. He said, "Of course it's hard on him. But it could have been worse. It'll take time, he'll need to learn everything again, you see. It'll take time."

"Like a bloody baby," Chick said violently.

Arthur Morrison thought, a baby again. Well, perhaps second time around they could make a better job of him.

"He's lucky he's got good parents to look after him once he goes home," the doctor said.

Chick thought of his mother, forever chopping up carrots to put in the stew. He'd have to eat them. His throat clogged convulsively. He knew he couldn't.

And then there was the money, rolled up in the shoe-cleaning tin on the shelf in his bedroom. He would be able to see the tin all the time when he was lying in his own bed. He would never be able to forget. Never. And there was always the danger his ma would look inside it. He couldn't face going home. He couldn't face it. And he knew he would have to. He had no choice. He wished he were dead.

Arthur Morrison sighed heavily and shouldered his new burden with his accustomed strength of mind. "Yes, he can come home to his mother and me as soon as he's well enough. He'll always have us to rely on."

Chick Morrison winced with despair and shut his eyes. His father tried to stifle a surge of irritation, and the doctor thought the boy an ungrateful little beast.

END

Volunteer to be a **BIG BROTHER...**

it takes a man
to help a boy



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SPORTSMAN

Sirs:

Your choice of Tom Seaver as Sportsman of the Year (Dec. 22) is an excellent one. The dictionary defines sportsman as "One who plays fair and can take defeat without complaint and victory without boasting." Tom Seaver certainly fits this definition to the letter. After an infrequent loss, he would not complain, but go out and work harder in preparation for his next effort. After a victory he would give the credit to a teammate who contributed to the win.

But Tom Seaver is not one of those spineless men who pretends that team victory is the only thing that matters. After his "imperfect" game of July 9 he was asked whether he was disappointed at losing the perfect game. Some would have answered no, but Seaver did not try to fool anyone.

During the summer the New York Mets captured the spirit of America, and Tom Seaver was the heart and soul of the Mets. He is, without a doubt, the All-American Boy. Every American boy can look up to him and say, "I want to be like him when I grow up!" If there were more Tom Seavers, America would be a better place.

Tom Seaver is a man every American can be proud of. Living in Metstland, I felt this pride during that magical summer. Two months after the World Series I can still feel it.

BILL ROSENTHAL

Oceanside, N.Y.

Sirs:

As an objective fan, I feel you have cheapened your Sportsman of the Year Award by presenting it to what amounts to a rookie in the world of sports.

The Mets' rise this year ranks as one of the all-time shills in the American tradition of rooting for the underdog, and the club's fine pitcher, Tom Seaver, is deserving of accolades for leading the Mets' rapid ascent to prominence.

But in the vast sports world, where so many fine athletes have toiled for more years and have received far more plaudits than Tom Seaver, it seems unjust that a novice hero has been selected over the countless athletes who are deserving of this honor each year.

JERRY GREENBERG

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

Your most covered accolade, the title of Sportsman of the Year, could not have been given to a worthier recipient. However, Mr. Leggett should more definitely have given more credit to the team, the Mets as an en-

tity. Climbing from ninth place to World Champions was by no means a one-man effort, for if it had been they wouldn't have reached the top.

PRISCILLA ALDEN-KONECKY

New York City

Sirs:

I do not believe in your selection for Sportsman of the Year. You're right in saying that Tom Seaver had a great year, but I think that there are other athletes more qualified for this honor.

They are Rod Laver, the greatest living tennis player, and Pelé, the fantastic soccer player who scored the 1,000th goal of his career.

Get off your major sports kick and choose the real Sportsman of the Year.

GARY ALTMAN

Roslyn, N.Y.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATIONS

Sirs:

Your Dec. 22 issue was the best that I have come across in years. The article *There Were No Greener Pastures* exemplified sports illustration at its best. However, I was disappointed that no mention was made of the most popular sport in the world, soccer. Specifically, I was looking for the most popular sport star in the world, the Bobby Hull and Joe Namath of soccer, Brazil's Pelé.

GARY PASTOR

New York City

Sirs:

Don't you remember Mazerowski's mighty wallop that beat the Yankees in the 1967 World Series?

STEVE FREY

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Your article on the greatest sporting events of the '60s was truly great—with one big mistake. While the odds against the Mets winning the pennant were actually 25 to 1, the 1967 Boston Red Sox did beat the unarmountable odds of 75 to 1 and then carried the World Series to seven games. How could you possibly forget the "impossible dream"?

SCOTT MARBLE

Kensington, Conn.

Sirs:

You nearly overlooked the Boston Celtics. The 42-page spread was supposed to be a tribute to the entire 1960s. Ken Venturi's 1964 U.S. Open title was great, but how many other big ones did he ever win? Joe Namath's Super Bowl win was a great ac-

complishment, and he will go down in football history because of that one electrifying performance.

The so-called experts continually overlooked the Celtics' pride and dedication and picked losers like Chamberlain to knock them off. But the "old men" of Boston always had that little extra that made them so tremendous.

TOM FUNK

Birmingham, Mich.

Sirs:

The Olympics are properly considered the most important sporting event in any four-year period. For that reason it would have been a criminal omission if *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* had not included Wilma Rudolph and Debbie Meyer, both winners of three gold medals. Only three times since 1900 has any man won four gold medals in a single Olympiad. How could you neglect Don Schollander's performance in the 1964 Olympic Games?

MICHAEL PALM
MICHAEL KUSHNER
HOWARD HILL

New Haven, Conn.

CARD CARRIERS

Sirs:

Notwithstanding the fact that very often the general public is misled by articles it reads in magazines, I feel compelled to comment on Mr. Harry Lancaster (*L-Royalty in Wildcat Country*, Dec. 22). Mr. Lancaster's antics, which definitely cannot be labeled as colorful, are the sure signs of a man who has played second fiddle for 21 years to a master of his profession such as Adolph Rupp. Although it is a trademark of my generation to put down the Establishment, I must beg to differ in the case of Kentucky. In fact, I'd like to see Adolph Rupp, the grand old man of college athletics, coach forever, and Harry Lancaster, a victim of delayed success, settle on down his narrow pathway to nowhere.

JEFF LORA

Lawrence, Kans.

Sirs:

As a card-carrying Kentucky grad, I gladly accept Mr. Kirkpatrick's label of "Ruppologist" (if it was kindly meant). In the course of my travels since leaving the blue grass I have discovered that my home state is famous for four things: whiskey, cigarettes, horses and Rupp. The first three are all right, but nothing to carry a card for. The Baron is something else. It was he who, before and after the Bear, provided us with the perennial so-

lace of "Wait until basketball season!"

Though Mr. Kirkpatrick's "E-Ruppertions" in last week's article were at times embarrassing, perhaps some good will come of them. Hopefully, somebody will have the courage to shut off the pettiness before it becomes disruptive to the team. The Big Blue can get a hundred penny pitchers to fill the job of athletic director, but there's only one Adolph Rupp.

WILLIAM B. HORNBACK

Elizabethtown, Pa.

LITTER CARRIER

Sirs:

You have convinced me of the error of my ways (*Desecrate with Howls So Jolly*, Dec. 15).

For months I have been fighting a rearguard action in trying to convince my local police department to nab some of the more avid members of the National Defilement Association who have been littering my yard with no-return bottles and expertly emptied beer cans.

This morning, as I was removing the remnants of an eight-inch snowfall from in front of my mailbox, I discovered how effectively one buried beer can can run an otherwise perfectly functioning snowblower.

I have given up my fight and am now collecting other samples of the litter from my yard as I prepare to recruit new members for the NDA. From the cooperation I've gotten in the past, I feel certain that when I leave my samples with our local police they will be more than willing to sign up for membership.

DOUGLAS D. WINTER

Glantonbury, Conn.

Sirs:

I have just finished reading *Desecrate with Howls So Jolly*, and I must say that it is one of the best satires ever written. I'll have to rate it with Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* as one of the most amusing, cynical stories ever. If only every American could read this story and think about it. Frank DeFord is a genius.

JERRY LAMBEIN

Baltimore

NEW GAME

Sirs:

It is well known that television did kill the minor leagues. However, William Johnson (*TV Made It All a New Game*, Dec. 22) has voiced the popular opinion that it also has ruined the great national game. This may not be true.

The minor leagues had two functions: to train potential major league players and to entertain the fans outside of the Northeast part of this country. The major leagues have obviously taken over in the second respect. Fans throughout the land can follow a ma-

nor league team in their general area.

The main purpose of the minors—producing major league players—is being carried out elsewhere. Minor leagues have died amid great publicity, while other leagues have been born in deafening silence. A boy entering go ball plays in special rookie leagues, fall instructional leagues and winter leagues in Latin America, besides regular minor leagues. These teams are not interested in winning above all; they are designed to develop future big-league stars. Teams in the rookie and instructional leagues are run by special instructors hired by each major league team. These men are specialists in developing young players. Latin American winter leagues give local boys and young Americans a chance to play competitive baseball. Any athletes who have played four years in the majors aren't allowed to play in the leagues.

The greatest development, however, has been in the development of college baseball. Many colleges in warm areas play baseball almost all year. The best college teams, Arizona State and Southern California, play as many games as some minor league teams. After four years of college baseball many young men can go almost directly into the major leagues.

In 1969 the New York Mets obtained fair work from two former college pitchers, Gary Gentry and Tom Seaver. Each came into the National League with less than two years of professional experience. Gentry had played in the Florida Instructional League and for Arizona State University. He won 17 games in one season for ASU and five games in Florida. He also pitched in the minor leagues in 1967. Seaver, besides pitching in the minors, pitched at one time for USC. His lack of minor league pitching experience did not prevent him from becoming a fairly good major league baseball player.

The demise of the minor leagues may not have been such a great loss.

RAY THOMPSON

South Bound Brook, N.J.

UP ABPLALNLP

Sirs:

I want to congratulate Robert Boyle for his fine article concerning Mr. Abplalnlp. Robert Abplalnlp should be commended not only for his great success in the financial world, but for that very inventiveness that will greatly benefit mankind. I'm talking especially of his desalination gomo.

Recently he became an honorary member of the Honor Society of Fordham Prep, his former school. The award took place at the school's ground-breaking ceremony for a new building. Would you believe that the original design of the new structure resembled an aerosol can?

CHRISTOPHER R. ADAMS

River Edge, N.J.

FAIR AND WARNER

Sirs:

In expanding professional football (*For the Saints, Readignment Is a Love-in*, Dec. 15) Tex Maule has gratuitously allocated franchises to Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver on some far-off lucky day for in Canadians. Of course, we'll have to have domed stadiums by then, Tex observes offhandedly.

A couple of notes:

a) Who said Canada wanted in—besides Tex, I mean? The baseball Expos tried to promote two preseason NFL games in Montreal last September, and both flopped (the paper said the Expos blew \$100,000 on the two games). Some years ago I saw the Giants and the Bears play a preseason game in Toronto. They drew less than 5,000, so apparently nothing has changed.

b) I'm bewildered by the assumption there'll have to be domed stadiums if and when, Watching Detroit in the snow on last Thanksgiving Day, watching the 49ers play in a Minnesota blizzard and the Jets and the Chiefs in New York last Saturday, Canadians have to wonder just why at hell we're obliged to build domes.

Does anybody in your office own an atlas? Are you aware that Toronto is latitudinally south of present NFL cities Minneapolis and Green Bay? Do you know that Windsor, Ontario is across the river south of Detroit? Do you know that in an average winter Buffalo gets almost twice as much snow as Toronto? Do you know that Vancouver's climate is not much colder than San Francisco's—with less wind? And where in the world do you get the notion it's any warmer in New York or Boston or Philadelphia on any given Dec. 20 than it is in Toronto?

Mandatory domes, indeed.

T. G. HIGGINS

Halifax, Ontario

PITTER PAT

Sirs:

In response to the comments by Thomas C. Duddy over Coach John McKay's bone-headed call to go for the extra point rather than the two-point conversion in the USC-UCLA game, this play was widely discussed on TV sports shows and in newspaper sports sections on the West Coast. In a couple of interviews Coach McKay revealed that he had planned for the team to go for the extra two-point conversion, but when USC had scored to go ahead 13-12 there was such pandemonium, excitement and frenzy all around that the PAT team ran out on the field in jubilation, ready to add their one point to the score. Coach McKay was unable to organize the two-point conversion play as the kicking team had moved too quickly, and it was impossible to call them back. There were no USC time-outs left.

MIKE W. SMITH

Los Angeles

continued

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16TH HOLE *continued*

TO THE RESCUE

Sirs:

I recently decided against renewing my subscription to SI, and one of the reasons that I gave you was not enough good fishing articles.

The *Lowest Silence*, by Thomas McGuane in the Dec. 1 issue, goes a long way toward correcting that deficiency. McGuane must be a fly-fisherman's fisherman. If only you would see fit to have more of this kind of writing for those of us who fish for the thrill of the art—as so aptly put in the first paragraph. Keep in mind what McGuane said about the hunting-and-fishing periodicals. I believe that a lot of ardent fishermen are becoming bored with them. Why don't you come to our rescue much more often?

H. RAY BURGHART

Corvallis, Ore.

SURFING IN A SEWER

Sirs:

I enjoyed reading your article on surfing in Santa Cruz (*Don't Be Dumb! Squash! Wiggles! Get Lost*, Dec. 8). However, I feel I should explain the conditions of Monterey Bay. Surfers are restricted to certain areas due to sewage disposal. The contamination in the bay is rapidly increasing, and the desirable areas for surfing are diminishing. Therefore, the contest puts even more restriction on "a free man's art."

DICK BENNETT

Aptos, Calif.

DIGGING DETROIT

Sirs:

Although I delighted over *New Kind of Wheel* at GM (Dec. 15), I am sure that not even the mod John DeLorean can accomplish more than superficial changes at General Motors. The article belabors his good taste in several areas but neglects to tell us that the Pontiac division, which he pulled from the clutches of little old ladies from Pasadena, led the way in this tasteless crusade for more brat horsepower—usually used illegally on our highways and streets. Furthermore, Pontiac was the most flagrant violator in the use of names such as Grand Prix and Le Mans, titles few, if any, American cars have earned.

It is encouraging, however, to see any one in high position at the multinational factory who believes that decent braking, steering and suspension must be had in all vehicles from Detroit. In 1959 and 1960 this country saw the worst excuses for automobiles ever offered in the history of automobiles. *Road & Track* aptly called them the "awful awfuls." Bouncing about on their baby-buggy springs, one pump of the brakes and that was all one had. It would be difficult to select the most hideous of this mot-

ley lot, but I'll nominate either the Cadillac or the Chevrolet. The entire industry should have been indicted for homicidal negligence. But Ralph Nader proved that not only must our native carmakers be dragged kicking and screaming to a modicum of decency in the field, but that they are relatively invulnerable, even from the Congress. The token safety improvements are only 20 or 30 years behind the best of the European sedans, such as Mercedes-Benz and the English Rover, as well as behind in overall maneuverability, the crux of safety. Bobby Kennedy pressed down the head of GM at one time and made him admit that the so-called leader in the field spent very little of its revenue on safety research. Some leader.

I am not a sports car buff who sees no good in the native American product. I have owned various foreign vehicles and found them wanting in many degrees. My concern is that the directors of this huge and untouchable monolith have reduced the noble art to the level of a piece of consumer durable goods, with our safety last in consideration. It has been said that we accept the carnage on the roads as the price we pay for our transportation by car. Of course we accept it, we have no choice. But it is not accepted with indifference, as asserted.

The latest Nader blast is, as usual, well-founded but has no chance of success. The Big Three could have solved noxious emissions as a problem long ago, but it might have added a few dollars to the cost of the car, and that we cannot have. Can we? But the DeLoreans will go on entering the callow stock-car races (a misnomer) to enforce planned obsolescence. But with a straight face the head of GM's research says it is being worked on. Wow.

If Mr. DeLorean is flirting with politics and wants to impress his under-30 figure voters, he might get more deeply involved with a new and vital crusade of the young: the protest against the destruction of our environment. With cars spewing forth a third or more of the gaseous wastes into the air, it may be a quicker end to the world via smog than legalized vehicular homicide. American business has indeed done more for our people and the world than all the government programs ever initiated, as DeLorean says, but now we'll see just how little the vast conglomerates like GM really care for a better world. It's easy to attack a sitting duck like GM (or commercial TV). The alternative is destruction, because it is obvious now that the carmakers will not act on their own.

RON SWANSON

Harrah, Okla.

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